

John Dick 313 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 38.—Vol. I. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1864.

ONE PENNY.

A RIOTOUS MEETING IN DUBLIN.

We this week present to our readers a graphic illustration, by our own special artist, of a most extraordinary scene that recently took place at the Rotundo, Dublin.

The opposition shown to the resolution recently passed in the Dublin corporation, to erect a memorial to the late Prince Consort in College-green, manifested itself in another and more public form. The motion was at first strenuously opposed by Mr. Sullivan, on the ground that there were no well-founded reasons for the erection of a memorial to the late Prince Consort in Ireland, that College-green ought not to be further "Germanised," and that it would be wiser and more consistent to set up a statue of Henry Grattan in the green. The motion for the Prince Consort memorial was, however, passed by a large majority; but, with a view of getting an

expression of public opinion on the subject, Mr. Sullivan and his friends called a meeting in the Rotundo.

The room, the *Dublin Morning News* (the catholic organ) says, quite filled by persons of all classes, and the vicinity of the building was thronged by thousands of people unable to gain admission. The chair was taken by Mr. J. Crotty, and amongst those on the platform were the chief movers in the matter—Mr. Sullivan, the O'Donoghue, M.P., Mr. John Martin, &c.

The O'Donoghue came forward to propose the first resolution, and was received with loud and long cheers. He said: You can very easily suppose that if I had not taken a very deep interest in this movement I would not have come from Kerry to be here this evening. I have attended several meetings in this room, and I never saw so glorious and magnificent a meeting as the present. (Applause.) There is one appeal that I would make to this meet-

ing, and it is this, that they will support the authority of the chair. (Here a few cries arose of "Put out Sullivan.") I do not believe the cry which has just been made represents the feelings of the people. (Cries of, "No, no.")

At this stage the Rev. Mr. CLARKE came forward and called for a cheer for Mr. Sullivan, which being duly given, The O'Donoghue attempted to continue his speech, but was prevented by the increasing uproar and confusion. "A scene of indescribable confusion," says the *Morning News*, "took place on the platform. A small number of its occupants, apparently as if by a preconcerted movement, commenced to conduct themselves in such a manner that we can describe only as being disorderly in the extreme. They raised loud outcries, which completely prevented the address of The O'Donoghue from being heard. The indignation of those around them was at length excited



THE RIOT AT THE ROTUNDA, DUBLIN.—THE O'DONOGHUE ENDEAVOURING TO QUELL THE DISTURBANCE.

to such an extent that strenuous efforts were made to eject them from the platform. The disturbers had, however, evidently come prepared for a row and its consequences, and though they were collared by those around them, and loud cries arose on every side to put them out, they resisted. Some of them produced sticks, and others, seizing chairs and pieces of seats which they had broken up, threatened the more orderly with their improvised weapons if they attempted to put them out. Several, however, were seized, and were being forcibly conducted towards the entrance to the platform, when a rush was made by some of these of the same party in the body of the hall, who scrambled up on the platform, and came to the assistance of their confreres. Any hope of continuing the proceedings in an orderly manner was then at an end. There was evidently an organized movement to frustrate the meeting, and, though the individuals taking part in it formed but a very minute proportion of those present, still they continued to raise such a disturbance that no speaker had any chance of being heard. The O'Donoghue, after waiting patiently for some time in the hope of the tumult subsiding was finally obliged to get off the table on which he was standing. Immediately the table was broken in pieces, and a rush having been made from the rear of the platform, several gentlemen, including three or four representatives of the press, were precipitated into the body of the hall. Many of the gentlemen who had attended to express their sympathy with the object of the meeting then began to leave, a regular 'scrimmage' being commenced on the platform. The disturbers having obtained almost complete possession, seized the green covering which had been on the tables, and proceeded to wave them aloft in triumph, amid the cheers of some portion of the assembly. Finally, the noise having subsided to some extent, the Rev. Mr. Langan asked the citizens of Dublin, present at that meeting, any of them that were in favour of the statue to Prince Albert being put up in College-green, to hold up their hands. About half a dozen hands were then lifted, amid a yelling and groaning that surpassed in its deafening noise anything that had yet taken place; and the rev. gentleman having then asked those who were in favour of the statue of Henry Grattan being erected in that spot to hold up their hands, immediately the entire hall presented the spectacle of a dense mass of uplifted hands, while a cheer that surpassed in its power and hearty enthusiasm anything that had ever been heard within the classic walls of the Rotundo since its first erection, burst forth."

THE EASTER MONDAY VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

THE following is the report of the committee appointed to decide on the most favourable site for holding the review of the metropolitan volunteer forces on Easter Monday next, the 28th of March:—

"My Lord,—I visited Farley-heath on Wednesday week, in company with Lord Truro, and the observations I have to make upon it are as follows:—

"1. First, as regards the ground itself, nothing can apparently be more suitable for a divisional field-day. The heath is about two miles long by one broad; it is generally undulating, but is nowhere steep, and the upper part is a broad plateau, very suitable for marching past. At one point it rises to a height which commands the whole extent, and would therefore be convenient for spectators. There is no gorse or long heather. The soil is pure sand, so that it would not be muddy even in the heaviest rain, and is covered with very short heather and Iceland moss. There is an open pine-wood in one part of the ground, very suitable for skirmishing, while in another part there is a broad ravine containing cottages and orchards. The crest is perfectly open. The scenery all round is most beautiful, and the lane by which the heath is approached from Chilworth is very picturesque.

"2. As regards access, Guildford Station is three miles and a half from the path going by Chilworth, but somewhat less if approached by a lane marked on the Ordnance map, which we did not observe. Lord Truro has undertaken the arrangements with the railway authorities, and he informs me that the managers state that they have no difficulty whatever in conveying 20,000 men, and were prepared to make the requisite arrangements as regards station accommodation. They will remove the cattle pens at Chilworth and bring into use some railway sidings at Shalford, which have hitherto not been used. They engage to have return traffic trains in perfect readiness to receive successive regiments every ten minutes, both at Shalford and Chilworth.

"I understand that trains can come down from Kensington, Vauxhall, Waterloo, Charing-cross, and London-bridge. Trains would also come, as they did last year, to Brighton, via Kensington, while Chilworth is also accessible from the whole of Surrey, Sussex, Kent, and Hampshire.

"3. As regards accommodation, there is ample stable room at Guildford, and I am informed by Lord Truro that a farmer will erect a temporary stable in his meadow adjoining the Chilworth Station. Messrs. Taunton, of the Cannon Brewery, Guildford, express their readiness to provide refreshments for any number of men, but there will no doubt be abundance of other parties both from the neighbourhood and from London ready to set up booths with refreshments on the edge of the heath.

"In conclusion, I have only to say that I cannot imagine any situation being found within the range of London which unites so many advantages as Farley-heath. I am, my lord, your obedient servant,

"CHARLES BUXTON,
"On behalf of the committee.

"The Right Hon. Lord Elcho."

THE BURIAL SERVICE AND CONVOCATION.—A committee of the Lower House of Convocation was appointed last July to consider the alleged difficulties in the use of the Burial Service, and to report thereon. The report, now published, goes through all the passages of the service which have been supposed to declare absolutely the salvation of the deceased person, and acquits them of that meaning. The committee attributes the grievance to the want of that "godly discipline" of which the Church of England ever since the Reformation has been lamenting the absence. The report proceeds to suggest that the rubrics and canons supply a machinery which may be applied, if it be only divested of temporal penalties and temporal excommunications. In effect, it is proposed that if a man never communicates, or lives such a life or avows such opinions that he ought not to communicate, then the churchwardens, or, in their default, the clergyman, shall have power to present him, and, on his contumacy or impetence, bring down upon him a sentence of excommunication, which shall deprive him of the right of Christian burial. The committee suggests that the cases will be only those of a scandalous character, in which the church is driven to purge itself in self-defence; where, in fact, the deceased person has been the assailant by word or by deed. In such cases, it is presumed, public opinion and common sense will be on the side of the clergyman, and will support the judgment he has invoked upon the evil liver or the open unbeliever. As the law now stands, even in a mitigated state, an excommunicated person may, under certain contingencies, and himself thereby visited with six months' imprisonment. This temporal penalty only prevents excommunication being ever resorted to, and the report therefore recommends its abrogation.

Thus uncoloured teas, hitherto unobtainable, are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker, Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. They combine purity, fine flavour, and lasting strength, and are much more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—[Advertisement.]

Notes of the Week.

The election of a representative for the county of Dorset took place on Saturday morning. Mr. Floyer was proposed by Mr. F. J. Farquharson and seconded by General Sir John Michel, and there being no opposition, was declared duly elected.

The *Blackburn Standard* states that on Saturday last, Thomas Walmsley, a farmer, near Houghton, had returned from Blackburn by train after transacting some business, and instead of going straight home, he turned aside, and remained from half-past six to past nine with some companions, drinking pretty freely. When he left he was bent on going by a near way to his home across the railway. A less drunken companion accompanied him, and tried to persuade him not to go on the railway. He insisted, saying, "I don't care though I be killed." His companion left him, and nothing more was heard of him until he was seen by the guard of a train passing the place on Sunday morning. One of his legs and one of his arms were completely cut from his body, and he was quite dead. He has left a wife and thirteen children.

Amongst the charges on the police-sheet at Marlborough-street, on Monday morning, was one as follows:—"Colonel Henry Brown, drunk and incapable. On Mr. Tyrwhitt taking his seat on the bench, Inspector Walker, of the O division, said, that after the charge was taken the gentleman complained of being unwell, and the divisional surgeon was sent for, who advised that he should be taken home, and subsequently he expired. It appears that the deceased colonel was coming from the King's-road, Chelsea, on Sunday evening, on the top of an omnibus, and when in Piccadilly he was observed to suddenly fall back, having every appearance of labouring under intoxication. He was assisted down by the conductor and two of three constables, and taken to the Vine-street Station, and charged with being intoxicated. As soon as the charge was entered he complained of being very unwell, and vomited. The divisional surgeon (Dr. Totbill) was immediately sent for, and on attending advised that the colonel should be taken to his home. This was done, and Dr. Barclay, of Bruton-street, sent for, but shortly after the colonel expired, it is believed, from apoplexy. The deceased, who was for many years in the late East India Company's service, for the last few months resided at 72, Regent-street.

On Monday morning, soon after eight o'clock, a man named George Mudd committed suicide in the Wapping shaft of the Thames Tunnel. It appears that the deceased paid the usual toll of 1d. to the collector at the entrance of the shaft, passed the turnstile, and began to descend the stairs. A moment afterwards he precipitated himself over the balustrade and fell on the ground below. His death was instantaneous. His head was frightfully crushed, and his left arm was broken. The height from the top of the staircase to the bottom of the shaft is about sixty feet. The mutilated remains of the deceased were placed in a shell and removed to the dead-house in Wapping churchyard. Mr. Stoot, the parish beadle and coroner's officer ascertained in the course of the day that the deceased was a tailor, and left his home, No 16, Little Turner-street, Commercial-road, St. George's-in-the-East, only an hour before his death. The deceased was sixty-four years of age, and a very heavy man, weighing at least sixteen stone. A man was just emerging from the tunnel when the deceased fell a few feet in advance of him.

THE WAR IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

A letter from Hamburg contains the following news:—

"Prince Charles of Prussia, Chief of the Artillery, left by the mail train last night, on his way to the army in Schleswig. There is nothing surprising in this visit, paid by a Prussian general to an army with which he has a son and two nephews serving. As Grand Master of the Artillery, it would also not be unnatural that he should go to inspect the large force of that arm now in the field. But these easily-found explanations of his journey have not prevented the spread of a report which yesterday reached me from two different quarters, that he goes up to witness an attack immediately to be made on the intrenchments at Duppel. There is no reason, perhaps, to mistrust the substantial accuracy of the highly eulogistic accounts with which the Prussian papers teem, and which represent the army as admirable in all military qualities—as patient, enduring, cheerful, eager, and intrepid. A Berlin military journal has just been lauding the excellence of the system and the soldier's skill in skirmishing, and says that the Prussians are particularly dexterous in availing themselves of cover, and therefore lose fewer men in action than the Austrians, who expose themselves too much. All these encomiums may be perfectly well merited, but foreigners, before according to them implicit credence, will desire to hear them confirmed by observers in whom no bias can be suspected, or, failing that, to hear of an exploit of so decided a character as to leave no doubt as to the prowess of the victors. On all hands the Danes are admitted to be brave soldiers, and we know that they now are strongly posted and well supplied with artillery, so that if we heard that Duppel fortifications had been suddenly carried, the *teles de post* taken, Alsen Sound crossed, and the Danes driven from their last footing in Schleswig to their ships, we should feel certain that the Prussians had performed a gallant feat, since the strength of the Danish positions might be set off against their superior numbers. But the world will not implicitly believe in the military qualities and superiority of the Prussian soldiers merely because they are vaunted by Prussian bulletins, or because on the 2nd and 3rd of February they went into fire at Missunde and Duppel, and then went out of it again. Considering the exasperation of the Danes and the thirst of the Prussians for action and glory, I am unable to attach any credit to a report that, although no armistice has been concluded, there is an understanding that no fighting shall take place until the result of the coming Conference shall be known. This is most improbable. An interesting feature of the present contest will be the combat likely to take place between shore batteries and iron-clads—the first encounter of the sort witnessed in Europe. It is said that the *Rolf Krake* has only 2½ inch plates, and yet, according to the Danish account, she received no material damage."

GALICIA PROCLAIMED IN A STATE OF SIEGE.

The *Schlesische Zeitung* publishes a telegram from Cracow, dated Monday, stating that two placards had been posted up in that city at the corners of the streets: the one being an Imperial manifesto, the other a proclamation declaring Galicia to be in a state of siege.

A despatch from Lemberg says:—"Galicia and Cracow have been placed in a state of siege, and the laws for the protection of personal liberty and inviolability of domicile have been suspended. The reasons assigned for this measure are the existence of treasonable societies within the Austrian frontier, and the enlistments made for, and assistance given to, the Polish insurrection. An ordinance issued by the governor to-day orders all persons not entitled to wear arms to deliver them, together with all ammunition, to the public authorities within a fortnight, under penalty of fine or imprisonment. All persons not belonging to this city are ordered to obtain permission for their stay from the police within forty-eight hours."

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

In reference to the imputations levelled by the public prosecutor in the trial of the conspirators to assassinate Louis Napoleon at Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., the following incident has occurred:—"On the occasion of a petition addressed to the Senate on Saturday, touching the abuses committed in the practice of 'vivisection,' reference was made to the proceedings of the London Society for the Protection of Animals. M. Le Verrier, the well-known astronomer, was pleased to observe that he was tired of always hearing people praise England and English institutions, and that he was still more so when London societies permitted themselves to give Frenchmen lessons on humanity. 'I remind England,' continued M. Le Verrier, 'of a situation much more grave, and which would be sought for in vain elsewhere. It is only there (in England) that members of parliament are found who can be accused, proof in hand, of hiring assassins.'

M. de Boissy thought there was no reason for rejecting a measure, if it were good, though it came from England. He agreed that, in general, what came from that country was bad; and though it was the refuge of assassins, "who were kept as ferrets are kept in a cage by sportsmen for the chase," if by chance a measure otherwise well founded, and just come from London, it should not be rejected. He hoped that his words would reach England, and that people would in future be a little less partisans of the liberty of assassination.

February 29.

The *Vigie de Cherbourg* asserts that the Minister of Marine has sent orders for filling up the crews of the iron-clad vessels before the 15th of March, and the arming of those vessels within the shortest possible time.

AUSTRIA.

The Emperor of Austria received the popular deputation from Schleswig. His Majesty, in reply to their address, said:—"I rejoice with you at the successes attained by the valour of the allied armies, whereby an end has been put to your and your compatriots' sufferings. The greatness of the sacrifices made in the interest of your cause affords you a fresh guarantee that not merely passing alleviation, but also lasting satisfaction, will be given to the just claims of your country."

"Providence has imposed duties upon me which I cannot permit desires threatening the general peace to override. I confidently hope that an honourable and assured future may be attained, in every way corresponding to the principles of right and the conditions of your welfare."

DENMARK.

An address to the King has been adopted almost unanimously by both houses of the Rigsdag. It concludes as follows:—

"Our consolation in this most serious time is that the King will uphold our liberty and independence, and not allow Denmark to be weakened by dissolving our union with Schleswig. The people reckon on the declaration of the Government that the war shall be energetically prosecuted, and they trust that the King will convince the nations of Europe that the Danes are willing to make any sacrifice to preserve their nationality and their right to govern themselves."

The address of the Rigsdag was presented to the King. His Majesty desired the presence of all the members on that occasion. In reply to the address, his Majesty said:—"I thank you for the expression of your fidelity. Relying upon you and upon the loyalty of the Danish people, I shall firmly adhere to my policy, and hold out to the utmost of my power. I shall make every effort to obtain such conditions of peace as may be beneficial to Denmark. I will admit of no abolition of the existing political connexion between the Kingdom and Schleswig. I wish to be a free King over a free people. A king is only free when his country is independent, and when the constitutional condition is maintained and developed." His Majesty concluded by saying:—"God grant that at my death this epitaph may deservedly be inscribed upon my tomb: 'A truer heart never beat for Denmark.'"

The *Dagbladet* publishes an article, in which it says:—"The English Government opposes the violent acts of Germany by empty demonstrations. It accepts the sophisms of Germany in order to avoid war. A conference on the basis of a personal union between Denmark and Schleswig and Holstein would be the destruction of Denmark's freedom and independence. Under such circumstances the integrity of Denmark is worthless. The Danish people must, before all, look for deliverance from their own exertions, and prosecute the war with the greatest energy. The fall of Denmark must be bought with blood. Diplomatic strokes of the pen shall not wipe out a nation of a thousand years' standing."

POLAND.

The *Journal des Debats* says that several of the Jews of Warsaw, having refused to comply with the decree of the 6th of February, ordering them to cease wearing their Jewish costume, they have for several days been exposed to outrages and insults of every kind. The most peaceable and respectable citizens were dragged to the guard-house, where the police agents tore their garments off their backs, and pulled the hair out of their heads and beards. The guards at the town barriers even exceeded the police in the arbitrary manner with which they executed the decree. They allow no Jew to pass without forcing him to change his costume and cut his hair, and this operation is always accompanied by violence and ill-treatment. The excesses committed by these agents have been carried so far, and have become so revolting, that the authorities have taken the alarm, and thought themselves forced to interfere. In a notice published by the official *Delimit* of the 15th of February, the director-general of police reminds his agents that they are instructed not to undress and shave those Jews who do not conform their costume to the regulation, but only to denounce them to the authorities. The measure which has provoked these abuses, however, is still maintained, and those Jews who do not submit to it instead of having to do with street agents, will be exposed to a trial before some commission of inquiry, which will proceed against them, and apply to them some arbitrary and indefinite penalty. The more were reflected on these petty persecutions, these petty cavillings, the more difficult it is to understand the sense and use of them.

AMERICA.

General Banks re-establishes a system of compulsory negro labour in Louisiana, under specified conditions. He also declares that in the approaching State elections all persons in his department must vote for the Union candidates; that indifference will be treated as crime, and faction as treason. President Davis has issued a proclamation, acknowledging and praising the patriotism of the Southern troops for their prompt re-enlistment, without other inducement than the defence of their country, which he contrasts with the behaviour of the Northern mercenaries. He concludes:—"Soldiers!—Assured success awaits us in our holy struggle for liberty and independence, and for the preservation of all that renders life desirable to honourable men. When that success shall be reached, to you—your country's hope and pride—it will, under Divine Providence, be due."

President Davis approved the recent enactments of the Confederate Congress prohibiting the import of foreign luxuries, or the export of cotton, tobacco, and other staples, except through Government channels.

THE CONTEMPLATED ASSASSINATION OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The four Italians charged with intending to assassinate Louis Napoleon were arraigned before the jury at the Court of Assizes of the Seine. The alleged accomplice, Mazzini, was absent and pronounced contumacious.

The four entered one by one, preceded and followed by gendarmes, and took the places assigned them. Each was separated from his companion by a gendarme, and five gendarmes sat in a line immediately behind them. Their counsel occupied seats on a bench under them, and divided by a partition. The prisoners, who are of the true Italian type—dark complexion and black hair—presented themselves without any visible embarrassment. They wore moustaches, but no whiskers, and in bearing and manner are of the most ordinary class. Their features, with perhaps the exception of Greco, who has a rather intelligent countenance, and seems superior to his companions, are of the coarsest kind. Scaglioni, the youngest of the four, is slight, and of a paler complexion than the others. They answered the questions put by the judge as to their name, age, and profession without hesitation. The jury were sworn in the usual form; the right hand held up towards the large picture of the Crucifixion, and repeating the oath after the clerk of the court. When this was over the indictment was read. The reading of this document occupied three quarters of an hour, when the direct examination of the prisoners commenced. Greco was the first, and his examination lasted about fifty minutes. There was no attempt at denial or equivocation on the part of Greco. He admitted all that is stated concerning himself, his relations with Mazzini, and the object for which he came to Paris—the object being the assassination of the Emperor, which was planned between him and Mazzini. From Mazzini he had received the letters which were found concealed on his person. From Mazzini he had received the money to enable him to live in Paris until the deed should be consummated; and from Mazzini he had received the weapons to be employed in it. No person came between him and Mazzini. He had never spoken with Mazzini's secretaries about the plot; it was directly with Mazzini, and with him alone he had to do. From Mazzini he had received the 3000*fr.* The first four shells he had received were sent to him from London, and the other six he got from Moscow, who was not in the secret. He had introduced himself into the house of Prince Murat in order to throw the police off their guard, as they never would suppose that a man who frequented Prince Murat's house could be engaged in a conspiracy against the Emperor. Imperatori had never shown the least desire to separate himself from the others; on the contrary, he always appeared decided to follow them to the last. He declared that his intention was to throw the shells into or under the carriage of the Emperor on his way to or from the Opera in the Rue Lepeletier; and the use he meant to put the revolvers, pistols, and pincushions to was to defend himself, or if necessary, to complete the work of assassination.

After the examination of Greco that of Trabucco commenced. Trabucco began by saying that all that had been said by Greco about the conspiracy and its object was the exact truth. To the question as to whether he had not been convicted in London of theft, he said it was not for theft, but for having pawned a watch belonging to a friend; and that his imprisonment was only for three months. He had been engaged as a singer in a coffee-house in London. To the question as to whether on his arrival in Paris he had not been condemned for a similar offence, he replied:—

"Yes; but I was in a wretched condition. I tried to gain my living by teaching music, but I did not succeed. I have been one of Garibaldi's soldiers; I have shed my blood for my country—for the country that I love. I am humane; but when I saw my unfortunate country given over to brigands, and when I saw the Emperor of the French shutting his eyes to the fact—and yet he is the father of a family, the father of a nation—well, he shut his eyes—I grew desperate. I have a ball for the service of my country. After that we had the immense misery of Aspromonte. My beloved general, Garibaldi, was wounded and made prisoner. I was very wretched. It was at that very moment I made the acquaintance of Greco. I was mad with grief; I could not advance or retire. Greco asked me to dinner. He knew I was a man, and it is true that I was esteemed at Naples. I gave a concert there which succeeded admirably. I followed Greco. I had not a farthing in my pocket. Greco was very kind to me—kind as a brother. We agreed to give concerts, but we earned no money. It was then that he unfolded his plans, and my head was on fire."

The President: What were the newspapers that set your head on fire?

Trabucco: All the papers in Italy!

He was asked if he had sworn to take away the Emperor's life. He said he had not "sworn," and that this part of the business did not belong to him.

Imperatori was next examined. He threw all the blame on Greco, who, by little and little, he said, had got him into the plot, so that it was no longer in his power to draw back. It was he who had introduced Scaglioni to Greco, but he denied that it was he who had incited him to join in the plot. He seemed to look upon Greco with the utmost contempt.

Scaglioni flatly contradicted Imperatori, who, he said, was the first to speak to him about the plot. He told Imperatori that he should take time to reflect; and two days after he had made up his mind to join them. His introduction to Greco was, therefore, a mere formality. Scaglioni admitted that he was present when the bombs were loaded.

M. Michel Legrasse (police agent) stated that he saw the accused arrive at the railway station in Paris, and that he saw them get into different carriages, and caused them to be followed to the hotel where they lodged. On the day the Emperor went to the opera, the accused, of whom he had not lost sight, were hovering about the theatre. He caused them to be surrounded by his agents, and he kept near to Imperatori, ready to seize him, if he made any demonstration. The Emperor passed, and the men, who knew that they were followed and watched, made no attempt. The witness, however, felt certain that they had come to Paris to commit crime. He informed the prefect of police of what he knew, and their arrest was at once decided on.

Other police agents stated that they had watched the accused about Paris, and had seen them together at various places. On the evening of the 27th they were seen to go two by two to the corner of the Rue Lepeletier, apparently with the intention of watching the Emperor, who was to go to the theatre; but they were observed, and did nothing. The next day they returned, and carefully examined the approaches to the opera. They returned to the opera on the 30th.

The evidence which produced the greatest impression in the court was that of M. Devisme, the well-known Paris gunmaker. He deposed to having examined the bombs, revolvers, and the pincushions found in possession of the accused. The bombs are of a perfectly oval shape and are about the size of a swan's egg. They are cast in zinc. They might easily be constructed in a private room. M. Devisme and his assistants had tested their explosive powers. He put them in a cask, the staves of which were nearly an inch thick, and bound with strong iron hoops. He exploded them by means of a slow match, for they were very dangerous to handle. They burst into thirty or forty parts, tore through themselves in the walls of the cellar in which the experiment was made. Their effect, when thrown among a crowd, or near a carriage, must have been terrific. They are about three-quarters of an inch thick. He had tried the others, after having taken out the powder with which they were loaded, by throwing them on the pavement, or

macadamized surface, and on a boarded floor; and three or four of the percussion caps invariably exploded. In fact, they were most formidable projectiles.

M. Cordouan, the public prosecutor, reviewed the evidence given. Coming to Mazzini's participation in the plot, M. Cordouan charged him without hesitation with being the concealer of it. He read the letters from Mazzini set out in the indictment. The address at which Greco was to write to him in London was, "Mr. Flower, Thurloe-square." He (M. Cordouan) did not like to mention names, but he must avow the painful astonishment with which on referring to the "London Directory," he found that was the address of the very same member of parliament whose house had been indicated as the one at which money was to be procured at the time of Tibaldi's plot. Interpreting one of Mazzini's letters, he said the words, "if our friend comes from the country," alluding to the Emperor, and "our friend of the Brewery" (Mr. Stansfeld), meant the member of parliament in Thurloe-square. "James" was also another name for this member of parliament. As for Mazzini's letter to the English papers, denying his participation in this plot, although that letter had been very generally accepted as true, not only in England, but on the Continent, it would be found on close examination that the denial was after all only apparent. Mazzini said he had never given any bombs, &c., to Greco. That was literally true; and Greco had said, laughing, it was not Mazzini in person, but a friend of his who gave him the bombs.

Judgment was passed on the four Italians. Greco and Trabucco are condemned to transportation for life, and Imperatori and Scaglioni to twenty years' imprisonment.

SPAIN.—ROYAL DECREE OF AMNESTY.

(REUTERS' EXPRESS.)

Madrid, Feb. 21.

The following royal decree of amnesty for political crimes has been published to-day:—

"Taking into consideration the report of my council of ministers, and in conformity with their recommendation, I hereby decree:—

"Article 1.—I concede an ample and general amnesty for all purely political crimes committed in the Peninsula and the adjacent islands up to the promulgation of this my royal decree in the same; excluding only from the benefit thereof those criminals who have relapsed in abuse of the royal clemency.

"Article 2.—The ministers whom the present decree concerns will immediately take the necessary measures to secure its prompt and complete execution, both by judicial and governmental order.

"Given at the Palace the 19th Feb., 1864.

ISABELLA.

"The President of the Council of Ministers.

"LORENZO ARRAZOLA."

The above is preceded by a letter, signed by all the ministers, recommending the Queen to issue a decree of amnesty in commemoration of her happy delivery and return to public affairs.

On page 586 we give a portrait of the Queen of Spain in the act of concealing the amnesty, which has been received with the utmost degree of satisfaction by the majority of the people throughout her dominions.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

In the House of Lords Earl Russell, in reply to a question of the Marquis of Westmeath, said the noble marquis was not justified in asserting that Mazzini or any other person living in this country was guilty of plotting against the life of the Emperor of the French, and that, therefore, he could have no intention of taking any steps in the matter.

In the House of Commons Mr. Cox drew attention to the statement made by the Procureur Imperial on the late trial of the conspirators against the life of the Emperor of the French, that a letter written by Greco, to a M. Flower, was addressed to 35, Thurloe-square, Bromley, the residence of a member of the British parliament. Mr. Stansfeld indignantly denied that there was any particle of truth in the statement, and also pledged his personal knowledge of M. Mazzini for the conviction that he was incapable of having had any concern in the base conspiracy. Mr. Disraeli invited the Government to furnish some information respecting the state of our relations with the continent of Europe. He understood that ministers had been successful, after some fruitless efforts, in a new proposition which they had made in relation to the affairs of Denmark—namely, that a conference, *pendente lite*, should be held by the great Powers, and those who were interested in the differences between Denmark and Germany, and that it had been accepted by the French Government. For himself, he must confess that he entertained great distrust of conferences *pendente lite*. Lord Palmerston replied to the hon. gentleman with great acrimony, charging him with making unfair attacks on the noble Foreign Secretary, and being willing to precipitate the country into war. Whereas he asserted the object of the Government was to bring together parties of apparently incompatible opinions, and to produce a peaceable settlement of that which threatened to be a European war. After some remarks from Mr. S. Fitzgerald the subject dropped.

A CHILD POISONED BY ITS MOTHER.—A shocking child murder has just been committed in Suffolk. The victim is a little boy, aged three years, named Frederick Brown, the illegitimate child of a young woman named Julia Brown, the daughter of a journeyman blacksmith at Felsham, a village near Bury St. Edmunds, but who has for some time past been living in service in the adjacent parish of Brettenham. It appears that the deceased lived with his grandfather at Felsham, and the young woman last week went over for the purpose of seeing her mother, who was ill. She stayed one night, and shortly before she was about leaving on the following morning, to return to her situation, the child was taken suddenly ill and became violently sick, and continued to get worse till about three o'clock in the afternoon, when it died. A surgeon was sent for, and saw it just before its death, and as he was unable satisfactorily to account for the disease, a post-mortem examination was made. The stomach was found to be filled with a dark gelatinous fluid, and was perforated in two places; there were also other appearances consistent with death from natural causes. An inquest was accordingly held before the coroner for the district, when the facts above stated were proved in evidence, and also that the deceased had eaten a cake which his mother had brought him, and which, she stated, she bought of a woman on the road, together with two other similar cakes, which she gave to her little brother and sister; it happened, however, that neither of these two last-mentioned cakes had been eaten, and one of them was given to the surgeon. At the post-mortem examination the stomach and intestines of the deceased were removed and handed over to a surgeon, resident at Bury, for analysis, and the inquest was adjourned for the purpose of ascertaining the result. It was proved that the death of the child was caused by concentrated sulphuric acid, and on searching the box of the mother, one of her dresses (which she had worn on the day she went home) was found to be very much burnt with the same acid. The evidence left the jury no alternative but to return a verdict of "Wilful murder" against Julia Brown, and the coroner made out his warrant, committing her to take her trial upon the charge at the approaching assizes at Bury St. Edmunds.

HORNIMAN'S TEA is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents. [Advertisement.]

CAMPAIGNING IN SCHLESWIG.

The following letter, with which we have been favoured, is from a private in the 1st Regiment of the Danish army, and is addressed to his brother:—

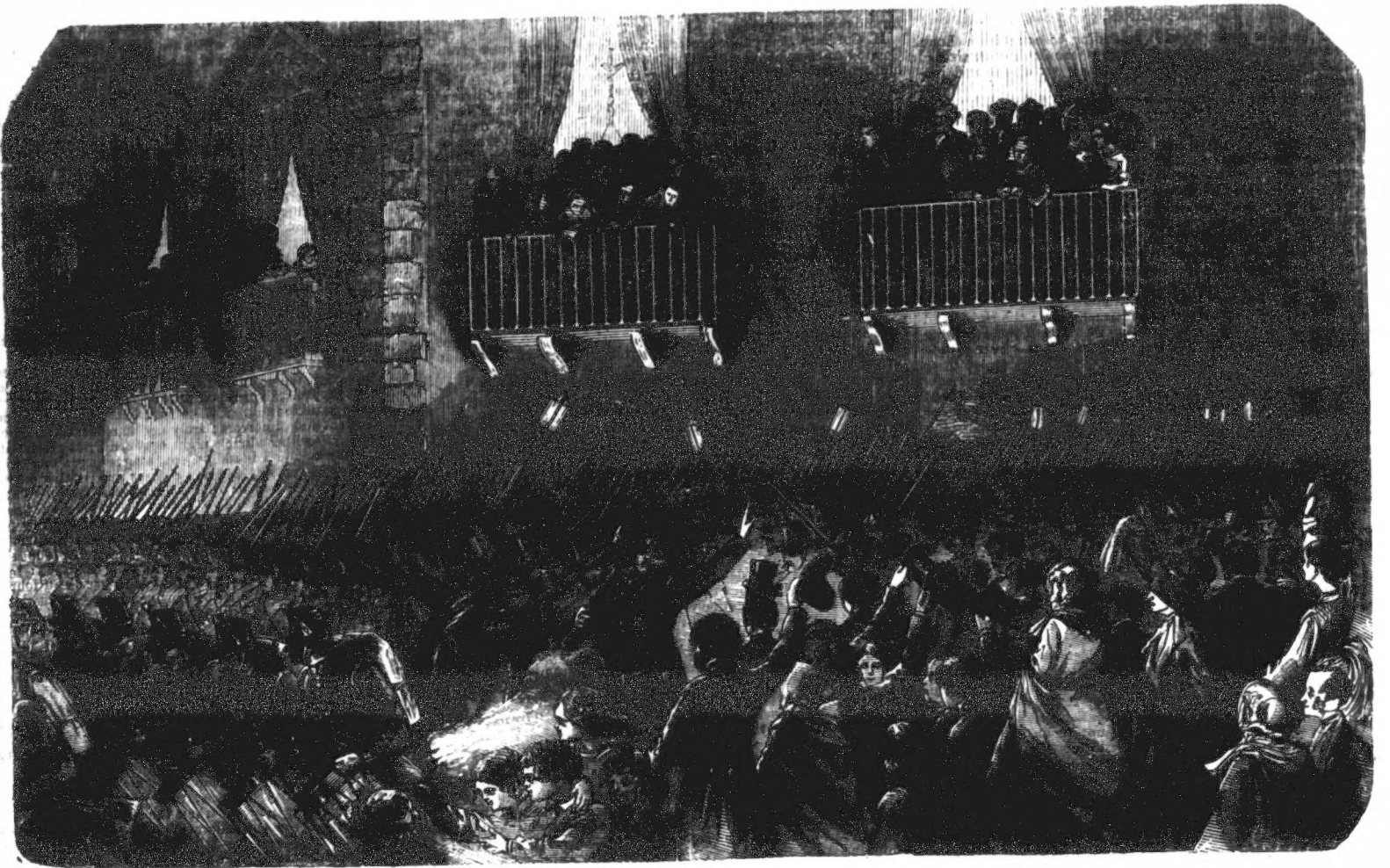
"Sonderborg, Feb. 8.

"You ask me to give you a full account of all I have gone through during the memorable 6th—8th February; but, to look back, these two days seem as long as two months. I cannot put all I would like to tell you into one letter, but you must at any rate know the following. On Friday evening, at nine o'clock, I lay in the works, along with several others of our company, congratulating myself on being there safe and sound after the sharp fighting we had had. We got our pipes lighted, and were chatting about the affair at Bustrup, in which, you know, I took part, when a sergeant came by, shouting, 'Into position immediately.' We were on our legs in a moment, and ten minutes afterwards the regiment stood ready to march. Our company numbered then four officers, ten sergeants, sixteen corporals, and 181 privates. Our brave Colonel Beck rode along before us, and said, 'Yes, children, there will be stiff work for us, but I know I can depend on you. To the left, march!' and off we set. I believed, as did most, that we were on the road to Missunde, but when we left the town behind us, we heard the sad truth from Lieutenant Niebuhr. I spare you all the oaths and growls which passed from rank to rank. I was silent, but my imagination pictured a retreat full of horrors; truly my imagination fell short of the reality. How that terrible night between Friday and Saturday passed I know not, as I literally slept, staggering along with my blessed seventy-five kit, and my elegant thin leather boots (my thick pair had been *hors de combat* for several days). The boots pained me beyond expression; I felt as if walking on thorns. I have a dim recollection of being in a house, and getting a glass of milk frozen over; of seeing the long spectre-like line of the army in the freezing cold night trudge along the slippery road; of seeing fallen horses and over-turned carriages; but I repeat, I was asleep. For three nights I had not had in all four hours' sleep, and the march and my ill-humour put me out of sorts; so we went up hill and down hill till eight o'clock next morning when we made halt at a little village. I went into a house where there was an old woman, and she gave me a cup of delightful coffee or rather chocolate, but never did Gianelli's 12s. coffee taste half so delicious. Add to that a blacuit hard as stone and a piece of half frozen pork, and you have my meal, which, however, strengthened me exceedingly. An hour afterwards we resumed our march. The road was perfectly full of carriages and guns, and a regiment of dragoons rode past us, keeping in the fields, as the horses stumbled so much on the frozen road. At twelve o'clock we had again a rest, while company on company marched past us. As I made for my company, which was a little outside the town, our sergeant said to me, 'Do you hear the Austrians?' and how I could hear in good earnest the rumbling in the distance. 'Close in!' cried the sub-officers; whips cracked on the spent horses, and here and there one fell. 'Out with it to the side, and out it looses, if it cannot rise,' and on we went. A whole wagon full of 'commisariat monsters,' supplied with large cloaks and footstools, had, sad to say, to leave their comfortable seats and go on foot till they found another conveyance. The thunder of the cannon came nearer and nearer. 'Company, attention! Left face! March south,' and we turned on our own steps. We met now several battalions, and at last the 9th and 11th Regiments. The latter greeted us with 'Hurrah for the Kulviers!' and a soldier with a hoarse bass voice growled, holding up his bayonet, 'See that you give them a good allowance of this,' and away they went northwards. We were alone. Colonel Beck now came forward, and said to the companies—'The general trusts to you to hold out; if we hold here for two hours, we save a whole division. Do not fire till the enemy is on you, and then in with the bayonet. Depend on us, we'll do our duty.' 'I know you will, children.' We then moved into a field to the left, then in a line over a slight rising ground, and as soon as we had passed the acclivity there we had the Germans. From the east came a regiment of cavalry, and right along the high road another, while a company of horse-artillery rode at the gallop into a field a little way off, and 'boom!' they went. A shell struck between me and the main at my side, and rose again, ricocheting twenty paces from me. A fearful cry told that it had done its work. After a quarter of an hour had passed we were formed into a square, and down came the cavalry, shouting and cheering, with their sabres raised, some of them discharging their pistols. 'Stand fast, aim well, kids!' The dragoons broke and fled, leaving many horses and men behind them. 'Fall into line—forward!' Forward we went—then shells again from the artillery—then into squares to meet another charge of the cavalry, whom we again beat off. So it went on for two hours, our ranks getting fearfully thin. We got breath for a moment, and I heard a voice near me whisper, 'Farewell, my Marie!—farewell, my dear little ones!' The words touched me deeply. They came from a brave comrade from the neighbourhood of Roskilde, who regularly received a letter every post-day, and who as regularly himself wrote loving words to his dear ones at home. I pressed his hand and whispered, 'God never deserts the widow and fatherless.' 'Thank you,' he said, and loaded again. (I know you will be pleased to hear that this brave, modest fellow is still alive.) As it got dark, the enemy charged again and again, and, alas! one company got broken; it was a frightful moment we heard the sabres and bayonets rattling, and wild shouts from either side. Our square held firm, although we were charged at least twenty times. At last I had not a cartridge left, and had to help myself to those of my fallen comrades. At last the night fell, the snow held off for a little, and we drew slowly back through a wood and through several villages, stopping every moment to take down the most troublesome of the dragoons in our rear. Between eight and nine o'clock we reached Flensburg, had two hours' rest, and then got on board a steamer, which brought us to Sonderborg. At ten o'clock, twenty of us were quartered on a workman who lives immediately out of the town. Our condition when we reached Flensburg was pitiful. The gallant regiment was now a mere ruin, not more than fifty of our company were in all to the fore. But, God be praised! already to-day our numbers have swelled, and many dear comrades are again collected round the tattered red rag which we love so well. A colonel came forward while we put ourselves into position, and said, 'I thank you, gallant 1st Regiment, God bless you!' When we passed other divisions, they shouted 'Hurrah!' Yes, at one place a standard was lowered before us. We may well be proud. The enemy must have suffered frightfully, as they charged on us quite blindly, and masses of their dead and wounded lay on the snow and dyed it red; but the cursed shells and grenades which they threw in on us cost us many brave men."

DANISH TROOPS ON THEIR MARCH TO JUTLAND.

The illustration on page 596 represents a regiment of Danish infantry leaving Copenhagen at night time on its way for Jutland, amidst the enthusiasm of the population.

FOR EVERY HOME AN EXQUISITE FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Whight and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars. Manufactory, Ipswich. [Advertisement.]



THE DANISH TROOPS ON THEIR MARCH TO JUTLAND. (See page 595.)



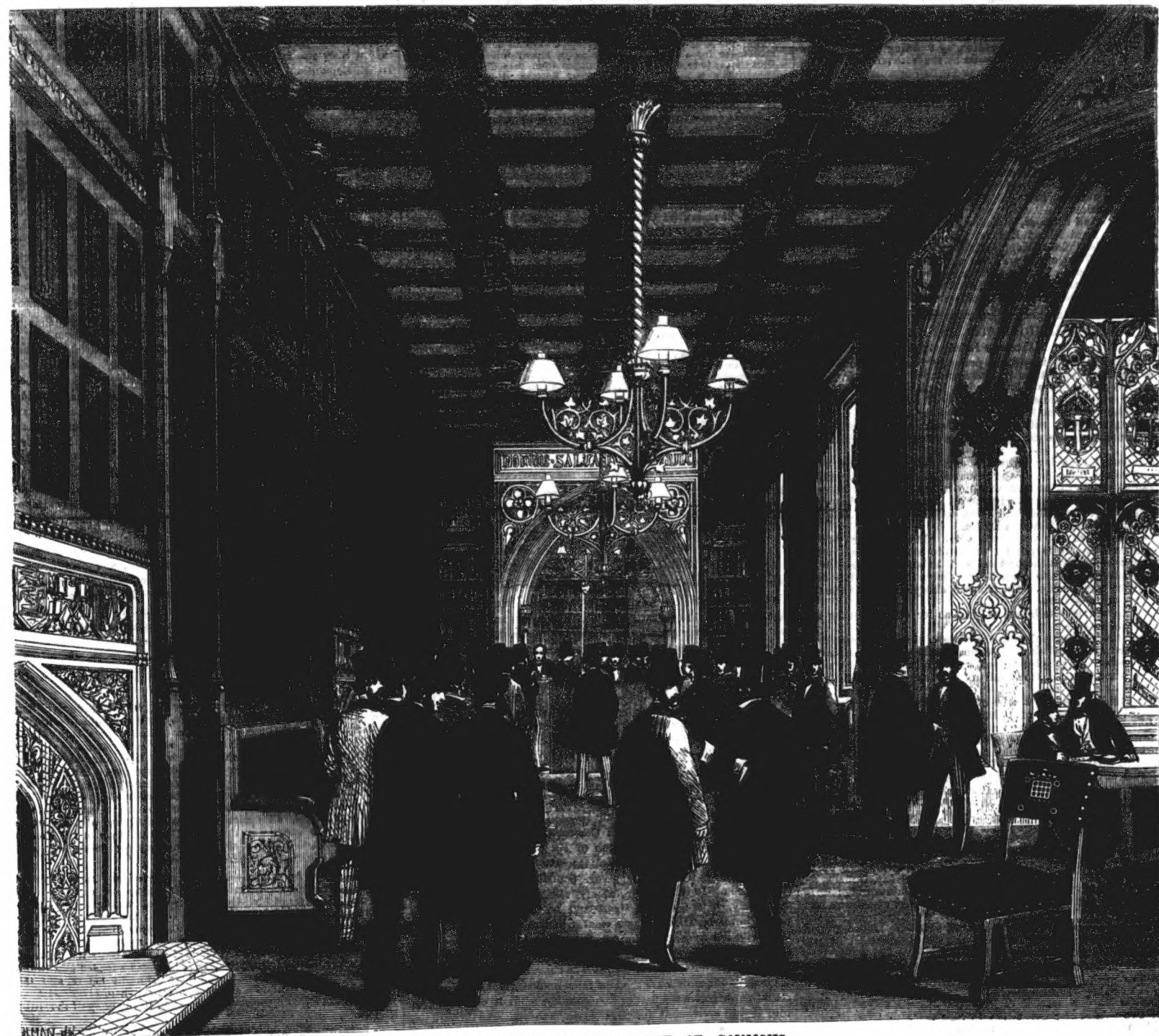
THE QUEEN OF SPAIN GRANTING AN AMNESTY TO POLITICAL OFFENDERS. (See page 595.)



TRAVELLING PRINTING OFFICE FOR WAR DESPATCHES. (See page 598.)

THE DIVISION LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

being accomplished, or rather as soon as the order is given, a clerk turns a two-minute hour-glass, and, at the same moment, bells are rung, by means of electricity, in various parts of the house, to call those members together who may be reading in the library, lounging in the refreshment rooms, or distributed in other parts of the building. A general rush is then made by members into the legislative chamber; and little time is afforded them, for, as soon as the sand in the glass is run out, the doors are closed irrevocably. The Speaker then puts the question, which being responded to, he declares which party, in his opinion, has the majority of votes. Should his decision be questioned, the "ayes" are directed to file to the right, the "noes" to the left. The former pass through a door



THE DIVISION LOBBY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

behind the Speaker's chair; the latter leave by the lower end of the house under the gallery. The members now find themselves in a corridor, called the lobby, as given in our illustration below, and one by one pass through a railed space. Here are stationed two tellers (members of the opposed parties); and two clerks, who tick off on a printed list the name of every member as he passes through, and so returns to the house by his appointed door. The arrangement is duplicated of course, the parties being kept separate all through the operation. Nothing now remains but for the tellers to cast up the votes, the result being announced to the house by the tellers for the successful party.

The Court.

SATURDAY being the day fixed for the presentation of the address of congratulation to the Queen by the corporation of the City of London, on the safe delivery of her royal highness the Princess of Wales and the birth of a Prince, the Lord Mayor, heading a deputation of members and officers of the corporation, left Guildhall for Windsor for that purpose shortly before eleven o'clock. The Lord Mayor was attended by the sword and mace bearers of the corporation, and wore his state robes on the occasion. From the railway station to the castle the Lord Mayor went in his private state carriage. Her Majesty received the deputation in the White Drawing-room, accompanied by their royal highnesses Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold, and attended by the great officers of state and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting. Sir George Grey, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, was also in attendance. The Lord Mayor presented the address of congratulation, to which her Majesty made a very gracious reply. The private apartments of the castle were afterwards thrown open for their inspection, and after taking luncheon the deputation left to return to town.

The Queen has commanded that a drawing-room shall be held on Saturday, the 19th of March next, by the Princess of Wales, on behalf of her Majesty. All presentations will be considered as being made to her Majesty. The usual regulations will be observed. It is not expected that gentlemen will go to the drawing-room, except in attendance upon the ladies of their families.

The Prince and Princess of Wales took a carriage drive on Saturday afternoon. In the evening the Prince and Princess, accompanied by their royal highnesses Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold, went to the Princess's Theatre. In attendance were the Countess de Grey, Major Teesdale, Major Cowell, and Mr. Buff.

Mr. Morton Edwards has had the honour of submitting to their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales his bust of the Prince of Wales, executed for the corporation and city of Toronto.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Countess de Grey and Major Teesdale in waiting, attended Divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on Sunday morning.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Princess Helena and the Princess Hohenlohe, visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House on Monday morning, and remained till noon. Her Majesty was attended by the Viscountess Jocelyn, the Hon. Mrs. Bruce, Major-General F. H. Seymour, and Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. D. de Ros.

At three o'clock on Monday afternoon the Lord Mayor of London, with the Sheriff and a deputation consisting of a large number of the aldermen and other members of the corporation, together with a deputation from the Court of Lieutenancy;

The Lord Mayor of Dublin, with a deputation;

The Lord Provost of the City of Edinburgh, with a deputation;

And the Lord Mayor of York, with a deputation, arrived at Marlborough House to present addresses of congratulation to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, upon the birth of the infant Prince.

The Prince and Princess, attended by the Countess de Grey, Lord Harris, Lord Alfred Harvey, Lieutenant-General Knollys, Major Teesdale, Colonel Keppel, Captain Grey, the Hon. R. H. Meade, Mr. O. Wood, and Mr. Fisher, received the civic dignitaries in the drawing-room. The deputations, attired in their State robes, were severally introduced by Lord Alfred Harvey. Their addresses having been read and graciously received, the deputations retired.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

[From *Le Follet*.]

THE fashionable world is getting perfectly tired of plaids, which were so much the rage at the commencement of the winter, and is returning to plain colours of soft shades. Foulard again meets with that favour which its beauty and solidity of texture undoubtedly merit; but as there must be always something new, it is said that the patterns this year will be quite different to those of former seasons; but during the change of the seasons plain foulard will be worn.

The dresses for paying visits are extremely elegant just now, satin and velvet being in greater favour than any other material—we presume owing to the fact that no other can be well trimmed with fur. With velvet, ermine berthe pelorines are worn, however. Of course, for young ladies such a rich toilette is out of the question; for them taffetas is more suitable.

Mohr dresses are not very much seen. Chenille fringe is still very fashionable. It is put on round the skirt, leaving rather more than two inches at the bottom; and the body is trimmed with the same, put on in vee fashion—for the vee, real or imitated, retains its long-held sway. The fringe is also placed round the top and bottom of the sleeves.

For the more dressy toilettes, as well as for others, sleeves are still made quite small.

Mantles, rotondes, or palatots, are made of the same material as the dress, or in black velvet. We cannot but recommend the latter as of a more becoming style; indeed, such extreme monotony as is produced when the toilette is all of the same colour fails in elegance.

Ball or evening dresses: a robe of gold-coloured tulle: the skirt is trimmed with flounces of tulle, ruffled with satin to match. Above these flounces, a rich trimming of English point lace is put on in festoons, each caught up by red velvet castles. A tulle tunic, trimmed with satin; trained behind, but open so as to show the trimming in front. Gold-coloured satin body, trimmed with lace. The sleeves are small bell-shaped of tulle, with *quatretoiles* of flowers.

We may expect a change not only in material but in the shapes of the spring bonnets. At present there is little or no change—satin or velvet for ordinary wear, crapes or tulle mixed with velvet for visiting dress. The newest bonnets are narrower than ever at the cheeks; it is called the diadem shape, and, in fact, when carried to the extreme, forms little more than a diadem head-dress in front. Our leading modistes, however, will not adopt anything so outre and unbecoming. The new velvet, or, I should say, Ophelia, as that is its present name, will be much worn this spring; it is a return to the old violet, much redder than that of the two last years.

Velvet head-dresses are also worn with two long barbes of tulle falling over the shoulders. Almost all the head-dresses of the Empress this winter have had this long veil attached to them. One of pink and black, with diamond ornaments on the black velvet; at the back a bow of narrow pink velvet, fastening to the back hair; barbes of tulle, spotted with silver.

A collar Marie Stuart, of corse velvet plaited, and edged with pearls; two strings of pearls twisted over the plaiting, fastening on one side a bunch of white feathers, and falling behind in long strings.

Now publishing, Part I, Price Fivepence; post-free, Sixpence, the

NEW TALE, ENTITLED

KATE CHUDLEIGH;
OR, THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

BY MALCOLM J. ERRYM.

Author of "The Dark Woman," "Edith the Captive," "Edith Heron," "George Barrington," "Nightshade," &c.

The Duchess of Kingston was one of the most remarkable women of her age, and her adventures are of the most thrilling and interesting description. Endowed with a matchless beauty, boundless ambition, a strong and wayward mind, a glowing temperament, and an amazonian courage, she could scarcely have failed to become the heroine of such a "romance of real life" as far transcends all the fictions of the most imaginative novelist. Her double marriage, her trial before the House of Peers, the bewildering mystery as to whom she was after all, and the deep intrigues which characterized her various plottings and contrivings, all constitute a series of incidents and adventures which read more like an artistically constructed romance of the wildest description, than the narrative of actual and positive occurrences. In a word, we may safely predict that Mr. Errym's New Tale, having this remarkable lady for its heroine, will produce an equally extraordinary sensation on the part of the reading public.

The tale is beautifully illustrated with wood-engravings designed by the talented pencil of F. Gilbert.

London: Published by JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

		SUNDAY		MONDAY		TUESDAY		WEDNESDAY		THURSDAY		FRIDAY		SATURDAY	
		H. W. L. E.		A. M. P. M.		A. M. P. M.		A. M. P. M.		A. M. P. M.		A. M. P. M.		A. M. P. M.	
5	S	Covenant Garden Theatre burnt, 1864		11 31		0 7		0 38		1 5		1 5		1 5	
6	S	Fourth Sunday in Lent		0 7		1 5		1 5		1 5		1 5		1 5	
7	M	Bible Society founded, 1804		1 5		1 5		1 5		1 5		1 5		1 5	
8	T	Sun rises 6h 33m; sets 5h 31m		1 5		2 17		2 39		3 0		3 32		3 44	
9	W	Cobbett born, 1792		2 39		3 0		3 32		3 44		4 5		4 25	
10	T	Marriage of the Prince of Wales, 1863		3 32		3 44		4 5		4 25					
11	F	Sir James Outram died, 1863		4 5		4 25									
		Moon's changes.—New Moon, 8th, 3h. 59m. a.m.													
		Sunday Lessons.													

MORNING.

Genesis 43; St. Luke 17.

AFTERNOON.

Genesis 45; Coloss. 1.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and RETROGRADE'S NEWSPAPER sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 2s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313, Strand.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 3d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

*. Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

J. T.—The Phenicians were the first navigators, and sailed in all the seas.

Z. Q.—Post-offices were first established in France, in about 1462, and not in England till 1581.

COMMON.—The late Lord Elgin commenced the collection of marbles bearing his name during his mission to the Ottoman Porte in 1802. He sold them to the trustees of the British Museum for £36,000.

GENOES T.—A master in the navy has charge of all the ships' material; the gunner, of the ordnance, &c.; the boatswain superintends the stores, &c.; and the purser, the provisions.

J. M.—A notice to quit must be given in accordance with the terms of the agreement entered into by the deceased; the sub-letting by the original tenant not having the effect of altering the terms of the tenancy.

ARMED.—The first stone of St. Paul's Cathedral was laid on the 21st of June, 1675. The building was opened on the 2nd of December, 1697, when public service was performed. The edifice cost one million and a half.

B. P. C.—There is no society established for the purpose of assisting persons to obtain property from the Court of Chancery.

AS INTERESTED ONE.—We really do not know in what stage the law-proceedings you name now are. You should employ some London solicitor to ascertain for you.

T. W. M.—You must consult an attorney. A lawyer's consulting fee, either personally or by letter, is 4s. 3d. It would cost you about £10 to pass through the Bankruptcy Court, unless your case be a complicated one; and then you must employ counsel, which would be three or four guineas more. An ordinary case of divorce costs about £30. If you do not know a respectable London solicitor, we can recommend you to Mr. William Eaden, No. 10, Gray's-inn-square.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE Secretary to the Admiralty owned with great candour the other day that the Department which he represented "had not been happy in their guns." Sir John Hay was at the pains of explaining in the same debate that they had not been exactly happy in their ships, so that when Lord Clarence Paget asserted, in the way of general conclusion, that "the course the Admiralty had taken was very consistent," the reader may be disposed to acquiesce in the justice of the summary. But the whole of this work is really so perplexing that great allowance must be made for imperfections.

The Admiralty is under the obligation of doing and undoing at the same time. They have to produce guns which will destroy any ship, and ships which will resist any guns; so that every piece of success on one side is necessarily attended by an apparent failure on the other. An irresistible gun shows a defective ship, and an impenetrable ship only tells of an ineffective gun. Our incessant experiments, in which, as Lord Clarence stated, we have "consumed seventeen targets and five or six target-ships," give the superiority alternately to ironplates and to projectiles, till at last anything like certainty or confidence appears out of the question. In this matter, at any rate, it will be a long time, apparently, before we can "rest and be thankful." Upon the whole, however, Lord Clarence was far better pleased with his ships than with his guns, and, indeed, he went the length of saying, that in the former branch of business the Admiralty had been "very successful." We are so far disposed to concur in this opinion that, we believe our models are the best models afloat, and that no iron-clad fleet surpasses the fleet of this country. But it cannot be denied that in arriving at this position we have blundered through the usual stages of precipitancy and error. The story of the Minotaur and her consort is lamentably characteristic of our system.

These vessels, three in number, represent the largest, most powerful, and most expensive class of our new Ironsides. They are, said Lord Clarence, "the greatest men-of-war ever yet built or which probably, ever will be built;" in fact, they were constructed on the ideal of a "perfect man-of-war." Yet it is now announced that in their construction there has been an unfortunate mistake of principle which will render them inferior to the very model they were intended to supersede. When they were bespoken an opinion was gaining ground that a plating of 5½ inches of iron upon 9 inches of wood would be a decided improvement on the Warrior pattern of 4½ inches of iron on 18 inches of wood. The Iron Plate Committee then sitting entertained this opinion, and so did the professional authorities applied to by the Admiralty for advice. Still, the theory had not been established by experiment. It rested on speculation only, until the committee succeeded in obtaining the necessary materials for actual trial, when it was found to be unsound. But in the meantime the Admiralty had ordered the ships on the original assumption, so that these new and costly vessels will not be so strong, after all, as the Warrior and Black Prince. It showed, however, the inevitable embarrassments of our position when Sir John Hay himself, in relating the story, unhesitatingly admitted that Government had no option in the matter. "He did not blame the Admiralty for constructing those ships. Under the circumstances he did not know that the Admiralty could have done anything else than they did." We suspect that pretty nearly as much may be said in the case of guns. Everybody admits that the old 68-pounder, as it is called, though it was a new and astonishing introduction at the siege of Sebastopol, is ineffective against a good iron-clad frigate. But, though there is unanimity on this point, there is nothing like unanimity on the question of the most eligible substitute; and that is the reason why the old gun still holds its place in the service. The predicament is unsatisfactory enough, but we do not believe that any other people have been more successful than ourselves.

THE trial of the conspirators in Paris, which closed the other day, was diversified by a curious episode. The public prosecutor, in giving his narration of the various steps of the plot, mentioned various documents that were found in the possession of the prisoners. Most of these were said to be in the handwriting of Mazzini, and they were adduced as evidence to show that Mazzini was the author and contriver of the conspiracy. But they reach further than the mere accusation of Mazzini, and implicate in the transaction the name of one in whose fair fame Englishmen must, whether they will or no, take even a deeper interest than in that of the Italian Republican. One of the papers thus quoted by the public prosecutor, or rather, we ought to say, alluded to by that functionary—for he does not appear to have produced the documents in court—was to the effect that if Greco was in want of money he was to write to a certain address in London. The address was M. Flower, Thurlow-square, 35, Brompton. The prosecutor went on to say that it became his duty to search through the "London Directory" to find out who was the person thus placed in communication with Greco, and it was not without sadness that he "recognised the name of a member of the parliament of England, who already had been in 1857, appointed by Mazzini to be the banker of the Tebaldi conspirators against the Emperor's life." Here was an accusation sufficiently definite in form and precise in detail to enable it to be brought home to one individual. We, too, have had the curiosity to turn to the pages of the "London Directory," and we find that the member of the English parliament thus charged by a French public functionary with taking part in two conspiracies against the life of a sovereign with whom we are in close alliance is no other than Mr. James H. Stansfeld, member for Halifax, and one of the Lords of the Admiralty. Mr. Stansfeld indignantly denies all connexion or complicity with the conspirators or their alleged conspiracy, and so the matter ends. We observe, indeed, with pleasure, from the proceedings of this trial, that there is some progress made by our foreign critics in their appreciation of the English character within the last few years. With the exception of an eccentric Marquis who never can forgive Englishmen for family reasons, we have not had on this occasion to endure a repetition of the insults of 1858. England has not again been designated as a den of assassins. These offensive imputations upon a whole people have been carefully suppressed. We think the French prosecution might have carried their courtesy a step farther, and forbore to denounce on such flimsy grounds an English gentleman, a member of Parliament, and a Minister of State, as in league with a knot of foreigners, who, if they are not the mere agents of the police in a simulated plot, must be admitted to be the ablest conspirators that ever set up in that business, and whose babbling incapacity must have betrayed itself to all who ever had ten minutes' conversation with them.

TRAVELLING PRINTING OFFICE FOR WAR DESPATES.

THE illustration which we give on page 597, is that of the travelling printing office, first used in the Crimea, and subsequently during the war in Italy and the Austrian war. The idea, we believe, originated with the Emperor Napoleon, and the first one was constructed by his order by the director of the Imperial Printing Press in France. The waggon is, of course, supplied with the various kinds of type and apparatus necessary for printing the despatches and orders of the day. Experience has shown that one reader, two compositors, and two drivers, constitute a staff sufficient for the discharge of all duties connected with this printing establishment. The interior is fitted up after the style of the French printing offices, and is most complete in every requirement.

FATAL GUN ACCIDENT.—A very sad accident took place at Glasgow, Lochline, on the morning of Tuesday last, whereby a fine little girl, daughter of Mr. George Stephen, manager of Glasgow distillery, and lately in the employment of the Carrbridge Distillery Company, Alton, lost her life. It appears that the little girl, who was named Annie Jane, and in her sixth year, was playing in the parlour with her brother William, two years older than herself, and no other person being present. There was a loaded gun in the apartment, which had been placed there the night before, and the children had taken it down and were amusing themselves with it, when it went off, and the contents lodging in the body of the little girl, she instantly expired.—*Scotman.*

A PERFECT state of health may be ensured by the occasional use of Parr's Life Pills, which may be bought for a trifle of any chemist in the Kingdom.—[Advertisement.]

General News.

THE REV. W. CLEMENTS, for thirty-two years pastor of the Baptist Chapel, Halstead, has seceded to the Church of England. Mr. Clements is about to enter the ministry of the Establishment, and will officiate in the diocese of London. Mr. Clements has already a son in holy orders.

THE other afternoon three boys were kept in the stocks at St. Ives, Cornwall, for three hours, for having played marbles on Sunday. This mode of punishment had not been adopted in the town for thirty years, and the novel sight consequently attracted several hundreds of spectators.

THE *Hants Advertiser* states that the contents of an old chest kept over the west gate of the city of Winchester are being examined by the Rev. Mr. Collier, M.A. Already a charter of Henry IV., granting forty marks for forty years to Winchester, has been discovered in good preservation.

SIR F. CROSSLEY, BART., M.P., on behalf of Messrs. John Crossley and Sons, of Halifax, has promised the National Lifeboat Institution to defray the cost, amounting to £300, of a new lifeboat to be stationed at Redcar, Yorkshire. The present lifeboat on that station is the oldest in the kingdom, but in going off the other day over some rocks to the rescue of a shipwrecked crew she was stove in, and subsequently discovered to be affected with dry rot.

WE have the best authority for stating that a gentleman belonging to Kiaros, at present in the Holy Land, has been commissioned by the British Consul at Jerusalem to convey a box containing water from the River Jordan to be used in the baptism of the royal infant.—*Dundee Advertiser*.

THE Committee of the Danish Soldiers' Relief Fund have already forwarded £1000 to Copenhagen, through the Danish minister in London, in furtherance of the object of the subscribers to the fund.

THE *Aftonblad* publishes the following:—"It is said that an inquiry made by telegraph by Herr Von Quasde as to whether Sweden was prepared to afford immediate assistance to Denmark, Herr Von Manderstrom returned a decided negative.

HIS royal highness the Prince of Wales will take the chair at the anniversary festival of the Royal Literary Fund, to be held at this year in St. James's Hall.

THE Rev. Walter Field, M.A., has been collated to the vicarage of Godmersham with Othello, in the county of Kent and diocese of Canterbury, void by the death of the Rev. T. H. Gale; and the Rev. John Falcon, B.A., has been licensed to the curacy of Lenham, in the same county and diocese.

INTELLIGENCE was received on Monday of the total loss of the well-known London and Leith steamship *Caledonia*, Captain East, one of the fleet of the General Steam Navigation Company, off Flamborough-head, on the Yorkshire coast. The unfortunate steamer left St. Katharine wharf at eight o'clock on Saturday morning for Granton pier. She had her usual number of passengers on board for the season of the year, and was loaded with a cargo of merchandise of various descriptions. She had made rather tedious progress, and in the course of Sunday afternoon went ashore at Flamborough-head. The wind is stated to have been blowing strong from the south-east, which would be nearly right on the headland. Providentially the whole of the crew and passengers were saved in the boats, but all efforts failed in getting the ship off, and the steamer has gone to pieces. The *Caledonia* was a large wooden built paddle-wheel steamer, and had been many years employed on the station. Her commander has been some time engaged in the trade. The cargo is insured, but the company bear their own risk, having a reserve fund to meet such exigencies.

ON the 27th of February the Rev. Charles Sumner Barber, M.A. was instituted to the incumbency of Ham, Wilts, by the Bishop of Salisbury, on the presentation of the Bishop of Winchester. The Rectory of Fisherton Anger, Salisbury, has just become vacant by the decease of the Rev. George Henry De Starck, who has held it for a period of twenty-seven years. The living is in the gift of trustees, of whom the Lord Bishop of Carlisle is one, and is worth between £200 and £300 per annum, with residence; population, 2,424.

THE contract for the supply of refreshments at the Crystal Palace, which during the last three years has been held by Mr. Frederick Strange, on Monday passed into the hands of Messrs. Bertram and Roberts. Mr. Bertram was formerly on the staff of Mr. Sawyer, of the London, in Fleet-street, during his joint occupancy of the refreshment department of the Crystal Palace some years since with Mr. Strange, and he subsequently filled the important post of manager for Mr. F. E. Morrish at the International Exhibition of 1862. Mr. Roberts, who was also on the staff of Messrs. Sawyer and Strange, is a professional cook, and has latterly filled the office of messman to one of our most distinguished cavalry regiments.

SENATOR FERRAT, formerly Prefect of the Paris Police, died on Sunday night.

THE Pope has given an official denial in the *Giornale di Roma* to the statement of the Milan papers, that King Victor Emmanuel is on excellent terms with him, and continues to keep up a friendly correspondence with him. The denial states that his holiness entertains no relations whatever with the Italian king.

THE following circular despatch has been forwarded by the Austrian Government to its diplomatic agents abroad, and has also been handed to the Federal Diet:—"As Denmark has availed herself of present circumstances to exercise the right of capture against Austrian, Prussian, and other German merchant ships, his Imperial Apostolic Majesty has been pleased to order the equipment of a squadron of the Imperial war navy. Part of this squadron will cruise between Gibraltar and the British Channel, and protect not only Austrian but also Prussian and other German merchantmen against the Danish cruisers. Your excellency is therefore requested to bring this measure to the knowledge of the Government to which you are accredited."

LORD DUFFARIN has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of the county of Down, in the room of the Marquis of Londonderry, resigned.

THE *Oxford Journal* states that the design sent in by Mr. John Gibbs, architect, of Oxford, for the monument about to be erected at New Radnor to the memory of the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis, has been selected by the committee from among many others. Mr. Gibbs is the architect of the new Banbury Cross, erected to commemorate the marriage of the Princess Royal, and of the memorial to the late Prince Consort, now in course of erection at Abingdon.

NINE cardinals' hats are at present disposable. Pius IX. has during his reign created forty-five cardinals and seen sixty-five disappear.

THE BULL AND THE TRAIN.—A few days ago a bull which was standing at Milnforth railway station became excited and broke from his keepers, running along the Pile and Kiaros Rail-way towards Ladybank at a fearful rate. Instant chase was given, but the infuriated animal rushed on for about two miles, till, on nearing Mevores station, it observed a train coming up. This apparently increased the bull's fury, for he at once bent down his head and prepared to do battle with the approaching engine. His boldness, however, was short-lived, for in a few moments the train came down upon him, and, as may be supposed, he was killed on the spot. No injury resulted to the train or the passengers.—*Pertshire Journal*.

THE PRINCE AND HIS FOX-HUNTING.

THE account of the recent run with Mr. Garth's hounds has suggested to us a means by which fox-hunting may be brought to the royal doors. There is a pack of hounds which belong exclusively to royalty—we mean the stagbonds at Ascot-heath. There they are, kennels and all, at one end of Mr. Garth's country. It certainly has occurred to us upon various occasions that the stagbonds might be put into the hands of the Prince, as perpetual master. Of course, the patronage would have ceased; but we think the Crown might have afforded it. However, the stag is not to his taste. We are not much surprised at that, although there are certain countries where it is a fine substitute for the fox; and with such a pack as her Majesty's, and such a selection of deer, he must be a gambler who would not be satisfied. But fox-hunting is the national sport of Englishmen, and the Prince evidently prefers it. We would propose, therefore, to turn the stagbonds into foxbonds, and request the Prince of Wales to become the Master. But there are objections; and we do not know whether they could not be got over, supposing the Prince himself should assent to the proposal. First of all, there they are stagbonds; and as such they have always existed. "Long may they exist!" say some, "with other grand and ancient ordinances." Before we say "amen" to this we would ask of what use are the stagbonds at Ascot, and to what good purpose are they kept as an appearance of royalty? There was a time when things were different; but it is no libel to say that at the present time they are chiefly of service to London dealers, a pretender or two to sport, and certain ladies whose distinguishing trait is reckless horsemanship. As to keeping these hounds up, as any part of a royal equipment, or with even a retrospect of their former utility, the very notion is absurd in the extreme. The next feature in the opposition scale is apparently a heavy one—Davis. What is to be done about the very best servant and finest horseman that ever lived—a man in his own position quite unequalled, and so remarkably beyond par that if anything were to happen to him there would be more difficulty in filling his place than in finding a Chancellor of the Exchequer? Could any person alive contemplate an act of injustice, or even pain, to the servant of four Sovereigns—faithful, efficient, and invaluable to each of them? Certainly not. But Charles Davis has reached a time of life when he might prefer to hunt for pleasure, or even to serve his Prince in a new capacity as huntsman of foxbonds. It would not be too much to offer Mr. Davis, for the remainder of his allotted span, his full salary as a retiring pension, and the cottage which he has so long adorned. Nor must it be forgotten that Davis, in his green old age, is in many respects more valuable than before. His experience, his knowledge of hounds and country, and his inestimable qualities as a kennel huntsman, would render him a most valuable assistant to the Prince. Whatever might be done, we feel satisfied that Davis would suffer neither in feeling nor pocket. And what country would the Prince take? We do not know what arrangement could be made. If we had our own way, of course we should suggest a small Leicestershire round Windsor Castle; but we cannot do that, and the Prince would put up with the country into which the accident of birth and position had brought him. But would Mr. Garth be induced to part with a certain portion of his? Because, if not, we are much averse to that moral influence in the matter of fox-hunting which the wishes of a Prince necessarily exercise. The fact is that Mr. Garth's country is a very large one—more than he can manage to do justice to, we think, extending from Windsor Park to beyond Farborough, and as broad as it is long the other way. Hence come the evils of that late drawing in short days, which must be undertaken as a matter of duty rather than pleasure. Such are one or two of the principal difficulties which at first sight present themselves to us. Of course, more would follow, and the opponents of the scheme would raise any number. However that might be, we see great advantages to arise from some such institution; and if the Prince himself could entertain the notion, we feel satisfied that every obstacle would melt like snow before the sun. Under no other circumstances could his royal highness become a master of hounds; but we can scarcely conceive a more fitting termination to an establishment which has long ceased to be what it originally was, and is now kept together by the prestige of a very remarkable public servant, or for a piece of patronage which cannot be of great value to the minister of the day.—*The Field*.

THE HALL OF CONGRESS AT WASHINGTON.

THE interest which still attaches to the American war, and the proceedings of President Lincoln in Congress, will doubtless add much importance to the beautiful engraving of the Hall of Congress at Washington, which will be found on page 600.

The foundation of the Capitol was laid in 1793; but slow progress was made in its erection, the building, in fact, being left incomplete and useless, as the British destroyed it in the invasion of 1812. Its restoration was not commenced till 1815, and was then found too small for general purposes. In 1848 its enlargement was proposed and carried out with vigour.

As to the outside of the noble hall, the two wings of the Capitol are alike, each being about one hundred and forty feet front by two hundred and fifty deep, built of white marble. The hall of the House of Representatives is in the east end of the south wing. It is a rectangle, one hundred and forty feet by ninety-three feet, situated midway between the two sides of the buildings and separated from them by halls and salons of rooms. It is lighted entirely from the ceiling, and rises from the second floor to the roof. A commodious gallery of sixteen feet wide extends around the four sides of the hall. The wall is divided into eighteen panels of about ten feet high and sixteen wide, intended for fresco paintings representing the most famous passages in American history. There are also three smaller panels behind the Speaker's chair.

The roof is supported by a frame of iron—the ceiling is flat and divided into panels, which are frescoed in the most elaborate style. The ceiling is thirty-six feet high, insufficient, perhaps, for symmetry, but necessary for the purposes of debate, since had it been raised higher, its properties for the transmission of sound would have been materially impaired.

The Speaker's rostrum is marked with much simplicity and beauty. It is made of Italian marble, with sunk panels, and resting upon a base of variegated Tennessee marble of a reddish hue. It is placed in the centre of the south side of the hall, and consists of two parts. In front of it is a desk sufficiently wide for four clerks. The floor of the Speaker's chair is about three feet above the floor. The desks of the members are arranged in a semi-circle upon a rising platform. Hitherto it was only the senators who had the luxury of a desk.

The hall occupies but a small part of one wing, the remainder being divided into committee-rooms and spacious halls, with rooms for the Speaker and other officers of Congress. There is no wood in the framework of the building, the floors resting on arches of brick. The base boards, as they are called, are marble.

The Capitol presents a front of 765 feet of marble masonry, and may be considered as one of the most imposing buildings in the world.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. James, the retired physician, continues to mail, free of charge to all who desire it, a copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physician and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp. Address, O. P. Brown, Secretary, No. 4, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[Advertisement.]

AN UNDERGRADUATE IN TROUBLE.

AT the Cambridge borough police-court, on Saturday, before the mayor (Mr. H. H. Harris), Mr. Alderman Elliot Smith and Mr. Swann Hurrell,

W. F. Bateman, an undergraduate of Trinity Hall, was charged with assaulting a police-officer in the execution of his duty, and ringing the door-bell of Dr. Ransom, in Jesus-lane, on Friday night week. The case was heard in the council-chamber, and the seats usually appropriated to the members of the corporation were all occupied by the undergraduate friends of the defendant.

The police-officer (Ayres) said that he was on duty in Jesus-lane on the Friday night about twelve o'clock, when he saw the defendant and another gentleman put their hands against the door-bell of Dr. Ransom. Went up to the defendant and asked him, what he did that for? Asked his name, and he gave a wrong one, and his college as Clare Hall. Then asked for his card, and he produced a piece of paper, and being told that would not do, said, "Well, I've not got any."

Mayor: Was he sober?

Officer: No. I believe he was the worse for drink. (Shouts of laughter from the undergraduates.)

The defendant was here observed by Mr. Alderman Hurrell to be in close conversation with his friends, when Mr. Hurrell said, "That is scarcely consistent with your position to be talking to those gentlemen behind."

Ayres then continued: Defendant said he had not got a card, and added, "Step it; get along with you, do!" Took the defendant into custody, and was struck by him on the right side of his neck.

Mayor (to defendant): Do you wish to ask this witness any questions?

Defendant: Oh yes, a lot—a number. He then proceeded to examine the officer thus: Did I strike you?

Officer: Yes, but not very hard.

Defendant: Did I ring the bell?

Policeman: You put your hand upon it.

Defendant (discrediting the witness): That will do for me.

Mayor: It may do for you, but it won't do for us. You must conduct yourself with propriety, or take the consequences.

The defendant then called Gabriel R. Davis, an undergraduate of Trinity, who, being asked by the magistrate's clerk what he knew about the transaction, assumed innocence or ignorance as to what "transaction" was meant. The question being more closely put, he deposed that he was in Jesus-lane with defendant and Mr. Strachey. They were going down the street when witness saw a policeman, and said to his friends, "There's a policeman." (Laughter.)

Magistrate's clerk: Rather a small amount of wit to be laughed at. (Jeering laughter from the undergraduates.)

Witness continued: Could not say whether or no the defendant rang the bell. Saw the policeman take hold of him; but whether he struck the officer or not he could not say. He wished to state that the officer handled the defendant very roughly.

Mr. Alderman Hurrell: Do you know to what the officer alluded when he said to the defendant, "You must not do that?"

Witness: That's not a fair question. (Laughter.)

Mr. Alderman Hurrell: Sir, it is; and I insist upon having an answer. Now, do you know to what the officer alluded?

Witness: Well, the bell, I suppose.

Mr. Alderman Hurrell: No doubt it was the bell.

Witness: That's mere conjecture; it's not evidence now. Is it a straightforward question? I don't consider supposition to be evidence.

Mr. Alderman Hurrell: You will be obliged to leave that question to the magistrates.

The Mayor: The evidence for the defence leaves the case just where it stood previously. (To the defendant): Have you anything to say?

Defendant: Oh, yes. In the first place, I think the policeman was rather the worse for liquor himself; and in the second place, I did not ring the bell.

Inspector Thompson said he took the charge at the police-station. Ayres was perfectly sober; the "gentleman" was rather the worse for drink. (Laughter.)

Defendant: Well, I'm sorry for it. When you are used very roughly, I think you ought to strike the man, and I wish I had struck harder, and a little lower down, too. (Laughter.)

Mayor: Then you would have got into a worse scrape than you are in now.

The magistrates consulted together for about ten minutes; after which

The Mayor (addressing the defendant) said: This case has been clearly proved against you, and it is, I must say, a most disgraceful and most disgraceful affair. For a man, assuming to be a gentleman, to try in the first place, after committing an assault, to damage the character of the officer by saying he was drunk, is most despicable.

Defendant: I didn't say he was "drunk;" I said he was not quite sober.

The Mayor: Well, that amounts to very nearly the same thing. Your demeanour here is not expressive of regret or sorrow; and in the second place you seem to regret that you did not do the officer some serious bodily injury.

Defendant: I did not say that.

The Mayor: Your words were, that you wished you had struck "harder and lower." Those are the words of a ruffian, and are most disgraceful. It was a question with the bench whether we should not send you to goal without the option of paying a fine. We are almost in doubt now whether we ought not to punish you by imprisonment; and you may depend upon it, you and your companions—that if ever a case of this sort comes before the bench again we shall send the offender to goal. You will be fined £5 and expenses, or suffer twenty-one days' imprisonment and hard labour.

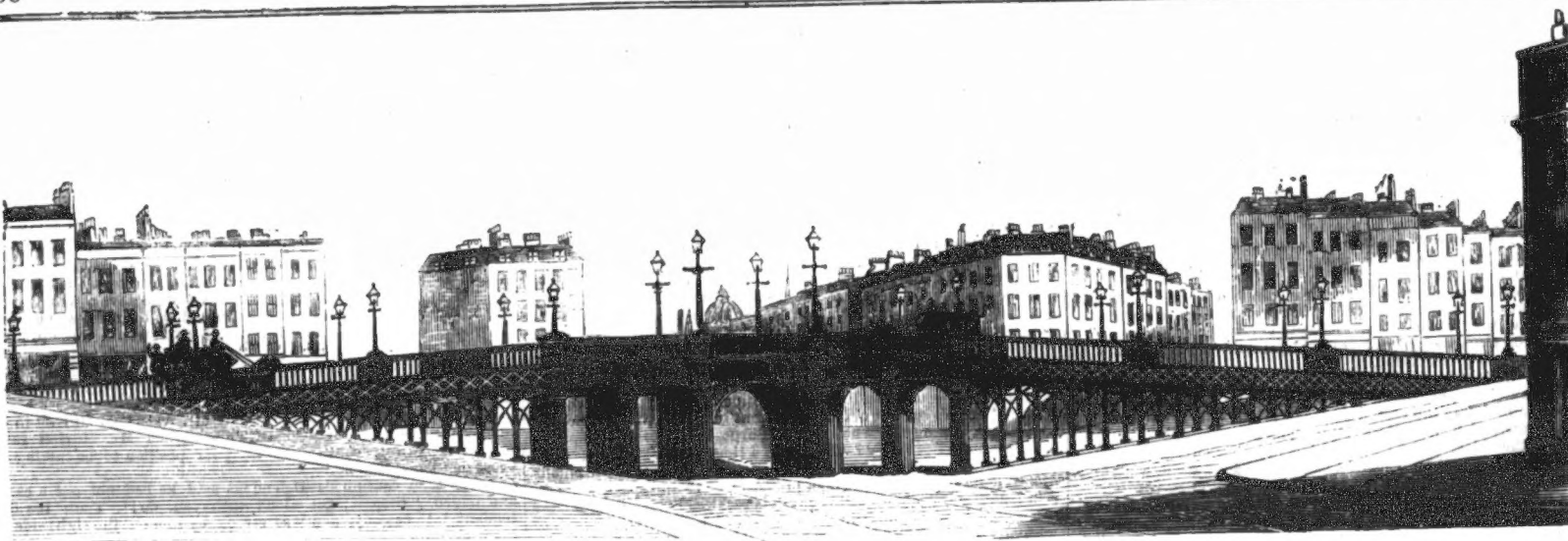
The money was immediately paid by cheque, and was made up directly after by a "whip" amongst the undergraduates.

PROPOSED VIADUCT OVER HOLBORN VALLEY.

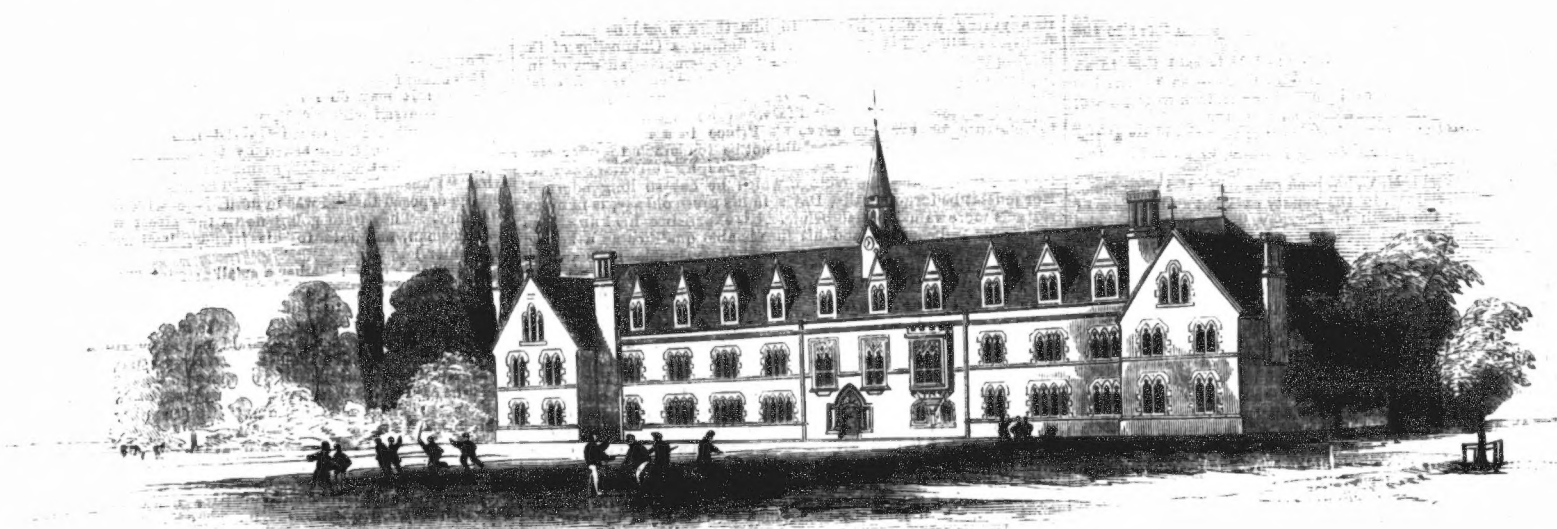
AMONG the numerous plans which have been sent in for this important work, the illustration which will be found on page 600 was one; commencing at Ely-place and extending to Aldersgate-street. Although some years have elapsed since many of these plans were sent in, and one of them we believe accepted, still we see no sign of actual commencement. The daily increase of traffic, and the danger and terrible work for the horses mounting the slippery steep, especially at this season, would, we should have imagined, been sufficient inducement for the commencement of the undertaking, long ere this.

ST. DAVID'S DAY.—THE WELSH ORPHAN SCHOOLS.

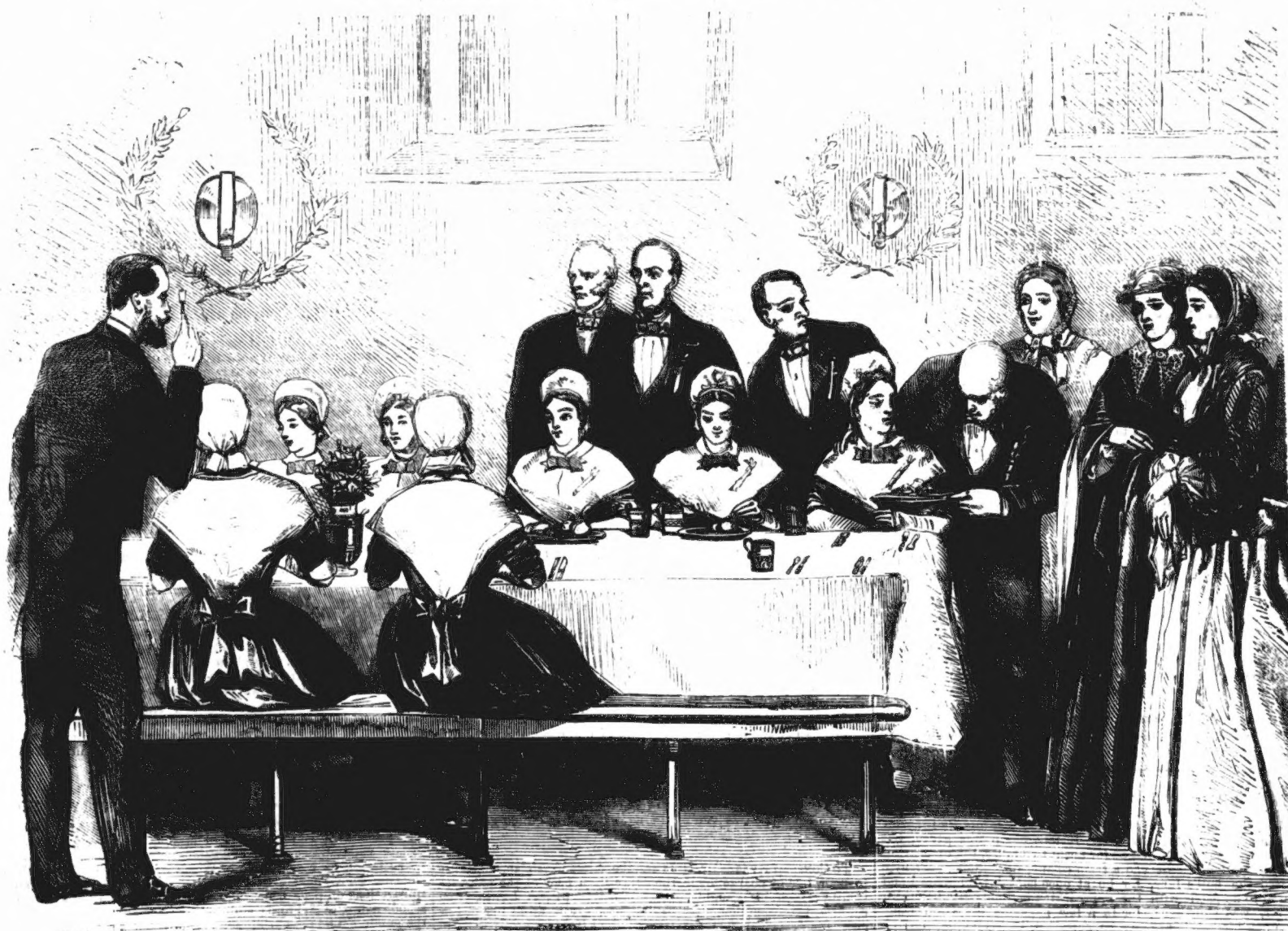
Ten 149th anniversary festival of the Society of Ancient Britons took place as usual on the 1st of March, St. David's Day. The society maintains a large educational establishment at Ashford, near Staines, for the children of Welsh parents dwelling in the metropolis. In connexion with this admirable institution, we give two illustrations on page 600. The first, *St. David's Day*, gives a view of the school-house, at Ashford; and the other, the anniversary festival of the pupils. The annual dinner of the patrons took place also on the 1st of March, in the evening, at the Free Masons' Tavern, the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot presiding.



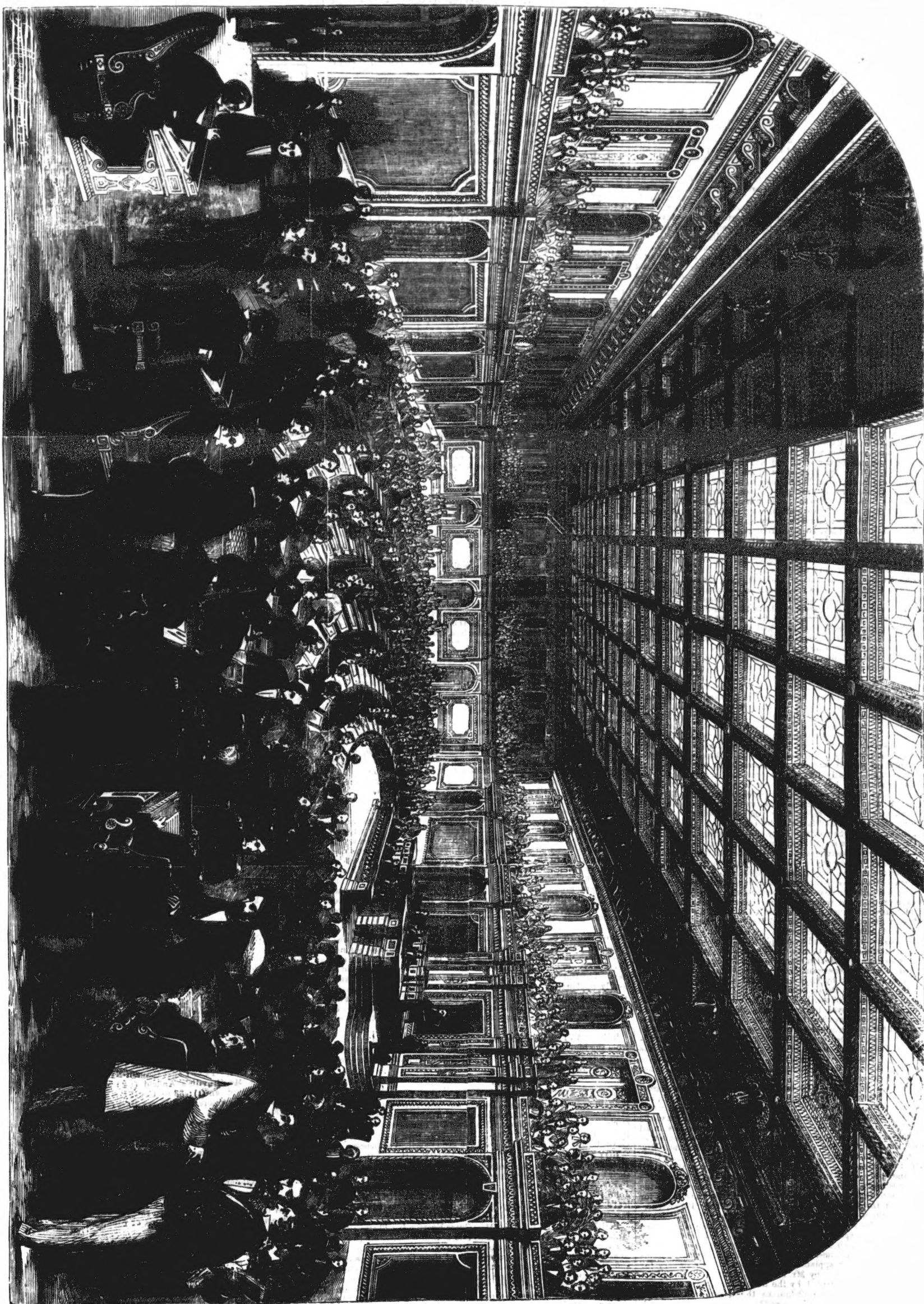
THE PROPOSED BRIDGE ACROSS HOLBORN-HILL. (See page 599.)



ST. DAVID'S DAY.—WELSH SCHOOL AT ASHFORD. (See page 599.)



ANNUAL DINNER GIVEN TO THE GIRLS AT THE WELSH SCHOOL, ASHFORD. (See page 599.)



DEBATE ON THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT AT THE SENATE HOUSE, WASHINGTON. (See page 529.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—There has been a change in the characters in M. Gounod's "Faust" since our last notice, Mr. Santley appearing as Mephistopheles, and Mr. Lyall as Valentine. This latter character has hitherto been successfully sustained by Mr. Santley; and in the new assumption he was no less successful. In consequence of the hoarseness of Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Swift has appeared as Faust with considerable credit.

DRURY LANE.—The production of "The Man of the World" has given Mr. Phelps the opportunity of resuming his favourite character of Sir Pertinax Macynophon, in which he has probably no rival on the stage, for, of all his wide range of character, the "booming" Scotchman is one of the best of his impersonations, and in none does he show to greater advantage. "Manfred" will be again produced next week.

HAYMARKET.—The re-appearance of Mr. Sothorn, after his severe accident, was signalled by the production of a new and extravagant piece, called "Bunkum Muller," written by Mr. H. T. Craven. Mr. Sothorn alone appears on the stage in the character of a dramatic author, whose works have hitherto found no favour in the eyes of managers. He has locked himself into his room in order to escape the shrill tongue of a shrewish widow he has married, and who declares he shall stop there through the day. To beguile the time he takes down a bust of Shakspeare, and, placing it in an arm-chair beside him, accosts the image as a sympathising friend. He tells the story of his past life and present troubles, and draws parallels. Bunkum has written a tragedy called "All's Right that Finishes Right," and remarks as an odd coincidence that Shakspeare has also written a play called "All's Well that Ends Well." Bunkum has bolted himself in his "sanctum" to avoid Mrs. Bunkum; Shakspeare, he says, bolted himself from Stratford-on-Avon to escape Mrs. Shakspeare. The parallel is complete; Shakspeare and Bunkum have genius in common, and will descend to posterity together. The more modern author has also a Julia—that he may as well call Juliet—in the balcony, and the balcony is happily opposite his own window. It was to Julia he ought to have been married, but reading in her last letter what appears to be a positive denial, he has married the widow out of spite. Amusing himself with a pistol he is startled by its being suddenly discharged and sending through the glass a bullet into the fair form, as he fancies, of the lovely Julia, who is looking at him from the opposite window. He is terror-stricken, and realises a vivid picture of the consequences and the Old Bailey. He prepares for the worst, but happily finds, in a conversation with the policeman below, that the chest perforated is a mahogany one, and not that of his beloved Julia. He afterwards finds the first husband of Mrs. Bunkum has not been drowned, as reported, but is ready to claim her, and restore to her the previous name of Ticker. On perusing once more the last letter of his Julia, he discovers that he has omitted to read the postscript, and thus was not aware of his having been accepted instead of rejected. Then he hears a chancery suit has terminated in his favour, and that his play, so often returned "with thanks," is at last accepted by Mr. Backstone. All is now happiness, and when the curtain descends, so much applause comes down with it that the author is encouraged to try the effect of the last speech in his accepted play. Again putting Shakspeare's bust into requisition, and fashioning the semblance of a recumbent body, with a pair of tongs and a cloak, Bunkum addresses the figure. The speech, which is in blank verse, full of amusing and bombastic imagery, threw the audience into roars of laughter; and when the curtain fell for a second time Mr. Sothorn was enthusiastically called before it, and the author had afterwards to make his bow. "Our American Cousin" followed, in which Mr. Sothorn repeated the character of Lord Dundreary.

PRINCESS'S.—The revival of Shakspeare's "Comedy of Errors" at this establishment on Saturday evening last has been eminently successful. That the play has not been more frequently performed may be accounted for by the difficulty of finding close resemblances of feature among members of a company. The aids to stage illusion may be depended on to a certain extent, but to secure a perfect embodiment of each Antipholus and each Dromio nature is required to come to the assistance of art. It is to the discovery of an instance in which this rare combination has taken place that we are now indebted for the production of the comedy in its present carefully compressed form. The brothers Webb are two comedians who, it would appear, have lately resolved to turn their remarkable family likeness to profitable account, and their histrionic experience has enabled them to do this to the best advantage. The effect produced upon provincial audiences by their representation of the two Dromios was sufficiently encouraging to induce them to venture before a London public, with whom they had long previously found favour—the one Mr. Henry Webb, as a favourite actor at the Surrey and Marylebone theatres; and the other, Mr. Charles Webb, as a skilful writer of dramas for the minor stage. The actors are so alike in form and face, voice and style, that during the progress of the comedy it was scarcely possible to distinguish them apart; and when they appeared together at the close of the last scene, where the one of Syracuse is first brought side by side with the one of Ephesus, the amazement of the audience, at the exact counterpart each presented of the other, found the strongest expression. It was, of course, too much to expect that a similarly close resemblance could be exhibited by Mr. Vining and Mr. John Nelson—the representatives of Antipholus of Syracuse and Antipholus of Ephesus—but the illusion was rendered as complete as the costumer and the perruquier could contrive to make it. The comedy, which now occupies only an hour and a half in representation, has been tastefully embellished with new scenery and dresses in accordance with the action; and the example set by Mr. Charles Kean, of distributing groups about the stage when the scene represents the mart or public place, has been judiciously followed. The theatre was honoured by the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, who arrived previous to the commencement of the comedy, and stayed till the termination of the pantomime, which was once more performed, in obedience to a special request from the distinguished visitors. As it was doubtless the first pantomime that the Princess of Wales had ever seen, it is scarcely surprising that the entertainment should have afforded both her and the Prince matter for the liveliest enjoyment.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The very marked success which characterized Miss Marriott's Hamlet on this occasion of her benefit, has induced her to appear in that character again during the past week, with the exception of two evenings. We have previously had the opportunity of awarding deserved praise to the clever actress in all she undertakes. The philosophic Prince of Denmark has frequently invited the study of the opposite sex, and Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Glover, and Miss Goddard, have successively ventured to give their view of the character. Miss Marriott presents the youthful prince under the more emotional and reflective aspect, and, looking the part exceedingly well, completely succeeds in impressing the audience with the conviction of the reasonable excuse she has for treading on the domain of the male tragedian. The "Play Scene," and the interview with the Queen exhibit great discrimination and much occasional power, and the last portion of the tragedy is performed with considerable spirit and earnest pathos. At the end of every act Miss Marriott has been called forward to receive the enthusiastic approbation of the audience, and the final fall of the curtain accompanied by the greatest applause. Some effective new scenery for the play has been painted by Mr. John Crawford, and the appearances of the Ghost contrived by the new process were strikingly illusive. Mrs. Buckingham White as the Queen, Mr. Edmund Phelps as Laertes, Mr. D. H. Jones as the Ghost, and Miss Mandelbert as Ophelia, are each effective, and warmly applauded.

STRAND.—The performances at this theatre on Monday night were honoured by the presence of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who was attended by Major Teeddale and Mr. Wood.

CITY OF LONDON.—A new and very effective drama, entitled "A Year and a Day," dramatised from the Christmas tale which appeared in the interesting pages of Bow Bells, was produced at this establishment on Saturday evening last. The plot of this new candidate for public favour may be thus sketched. The scene opens at a village inn in North Wales on Christmas Eve, where we are introduced to the principal characters, and where we are informed of certain events which took place twenty-five years previous—viz, the birth of twin sons to one Mr. Morgan, the miller, and a mysterious birth of another boy at that inn, the child of a lady, who shortly after quitted, leaving the babe in charge of the host and his daughter. These, through misfortune, soon after quit the inn, and the daughter Madge disappears with the child, whom all supposed she had made away with. Their conversation on this topic is interrupted by the sudden appearance of Madge, who denies the accusation, and threatens the party making it, Black Johnston (Mr. H. Delemer). At this juncture, Ralph Morgan (Mr. S. Hughes) one of the twin sons, enters, and we soon find that, though a mine owner, he is leader of the Trapper band, or mountain robbers, and that Black Johnston is his lieutenant. He is informed by the latter that Madge knows too much for their safety. An order is given to thrust her forth, with the quiet understanding that she is to be captured and conveyed to the mine. Edward Morgan (Mr. W. Travers), the other brother, now enters and protects Madge, who escapes. Thus ends an effective scene. We next have a beautiful scene from the Bow Bells picture of the exterior of old Morgan's cottage, and the betrothal of Edward Morgan to Maud Llewellyn (Miss A. Clifton), only daughter of a retired gentleman, and a visitor to Morgan's Christmas party. The marriage is to take place in "a year and a day." Ralph Morgan is, however, in love with her, and, being repelled by Maud, vows to bring to misery and ruin those she most loves unless she consents. She again refuses. We next find Ralph instructing his band to commit a deed at Mr. Llewellyn's (Mr. Dyas) house during his absence at the party, and also to secure Edward and convey him to the mine. In the next two scenes we see these instructions carried out: the murder and robbery by Black Johnston, and the struggle of Edward on the rocks with his murderous assailants. Edward, however, is saved from death by George Armstrong (Mr. J. F. Young), one of the robbers, who proves to be the identical infant, now grown up, which Madge had taken from the village, and left at the entrance to the mine, where it had been taken in and brought up. He hates the life he is leading, and is secretly impelled towards Edward. The next scene pictures the consternation of the Llewellyns on the return, and more so on the discovery of the knife by which the deed was committed bearing the name of Edward Morgan. Ralph enters, and gradually fixes the deed on his brother, as he alone knew the secret of the money being in the possession of Mr. Llewellyn, just drawn from the bank on hearing of its insecurity. Ralph offers shelter at his own residence, which Maud urges her father not to accept; but they accept his protection back to old Morgan's. Six months elapse, and we find the Llewellyns now in poverty, and Maud just recovering from a long illness. Ralph is still pressing his suit, and now having the father completely at his mercy, Maud, to save him, is urged to consent. She, however, still insists on the innocence of Edward, and her belief that he still lives; and prior to giving her consent she determines to seek her lost lover in the disguise of a poor boy in search of work at the mine. She has had a vision (as seen in the Bow Bells picture) of the struggle on the rocks, and another where he is confined. In the third act we find Maud in the mine, where she has been taken on by Ralph to act as a watch-dog. Here she meets with various perils, especially from Madge, who had ultimately been received in the mine but is now working out her revenge. Maud is rescued from her by Armstrong, who has special charge of the supposed boy, and Maud ultimately confides her secret to him, and seeks his assistance. At this juncture Ralph and his band enter, bound on a lawless expedition, which Armstrong tries to prevent, but is struck down by Johnston, and left for dead. Maud revives him, and he suddenly starts off, leaving Maud alone. She determines to prosecute her search, and discovers Edward. They are on the point of escaping, when Madge again enters, shortly followed by Ralph and band. The lovers are seized, and, by the denunciations of Edward, Ralph knows that the supposed boy is Maud. He triumphs at last, and gives Maud one hour to decide to wed him, or Edward dies. The latter is conveyed back to his dungeon, and the robbers begin to carouse till they fall asleep. Armstrong enters, and whispers to Maud that the military and her friends are arriving, and tells her to pour wine into the muzzles of the robbers. This she does, and then climbs up the rocks to look out. On the bridge over the cataract she is intercepted by Johnston. A struggle takes place. Armstrong comes to the rescue, and hurls Johnston over into the torrent. A gun is fired; Ralph enters, to find himself betrayed. He is determined Edward shall die, and rushes to effect his purpose, but is stayed by Madge, whom Ralph stabs. At this moment the military appear on the rocks; the robbers try to fire, but cannot. Ralph and several are killed, and the parents and friends appear on the scene, as Madge staggers in with Edward. Explanations follow the mutual embracing, and then Madge confesses that George Armstrong is brother to Edward; that she was instigated to change the children by the doctor, as a sum of money was to be paid during the lifetime of the boy, who it was supposed would die. Hence the change for one of Morgan's sons. Papers are discovered containing these facts. The families are again wealthy, and all troubles to the lovers end in a year and a day. The last scene, with real water, is admirably managed, and loudly applauded. The principal characters are well sustained, and all parties were loudly called for on the fall of the curtain. For a first night, the drama went off with success. We must not omit mentioning the John Lump of Mr. Steyne and the Betty Green of Miss A. Vining.

THE PAVILION.—The new drama of "A Year and a Day," from the highly popular periodical, Bow Bells, is to be produced here this (Saturday) evening. The scenic effects will be especially effective and beautiful.

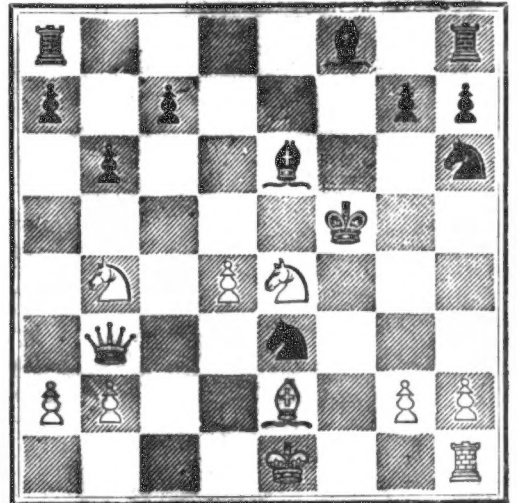
ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL.—This extensive building is again opened as a cirque. During the short recess the interior arrangements have been re-modelled, and now present a larger circle than the Cirque Imperial of Paris. The management has passed into the hands of Mr. J. Henderson, who has collected a clever troupe of artists. There have been excellent successes.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, in conjunction with Mr. John Parry, will shortly bring their highly amusing and fashionable entertainment to a close. "The Pyramid; or, Footprints in the Sand," has been followed by Mr. John Parry in his clever and laughable description of "Mrs. Roseleaf's Little Evening Party." Prior to closing, we advise our readers to visit these talented artists.

POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—Miss Grace Egerton is still attracting large and fashionable audiences at this beautiful hall. "A Drawing Room to Let" affords ample opportunity for this charming lady to assume a variety of characters, each of them thoroughly perfect and most artistically carried out. Her husband, Mr. George Case, ably assists her, and by his exquisite performance on the concertina and pianoforte proves himself an accomplished musician. This entertainment closes at the end of next week, which will be much regretted, for the evening's entertainment provided by this talented lady and her husband is a most delightful one.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 182.—By H. E. KIDSON, Esq.
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

[This position occurred in a game played some years ago between Mr. Kidson and another amateur, Mr. Kidson giving the odds of Q B.]

[The following very instructive and amusing game was played between Signor Dubois and Mr. Mongredien at the late Chess Congress.]

- | White. | Black. |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| Signor Dubois. | Mr. Mongredien. |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. P to K B 4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. K Kt to B 3 | 3. P to K Kt 4 |
| 4. P to K R 4 | 4. P to K Kt 5 |
| 5. K Kt to K 5 | 5. K Kt to B 3 |
| 6. K B to Q B 4 | 6. P to Q 4 |
| 7. K P takes P | 7. K B to Q 3 |
| 8. P to Q 4 | 8. K Kt to B 4 |
| 9. K B to Q Kt 5 (ch) | 9. K to B square (a) |
| 10. Q Kt to B 3 | 10. K B to K 2 |
| 11. Castles | 11. P to K R 6 |
| 12. K Kt takes K B P at B 6 (b) | 12. K Kt to K Kt 6 |
| 13. K Kt to K 5 | 13. Kt takes B |
| 14. Q takes Kt | 14. P to K B 3 |
| 15. Q to K B 4 | 15. P to Q B 3 |
| 16. Q to K R 6 (ch) | 16. K to K Kt square |
| 17. K B to Q B 4 | 17. Q to K Kt 3 (c) |
| 18. Q P takes Q B | 18. Q takes Q P (ch) |
| 19. Q B to K 3 | 19. Q takes K Kt |
| 20. Q B to Q square (d) | 20. Q Kt to R 3 |
| 21. B to Q 7 | 21. Q B to K square |
| 22. Q B to Q 4 | 21. Q to K B 4 |
| 23. B takes K B | 23. B takes R |
| 24. Q B takes K B P (e) | 24. Q to Q B 4 (ch) |
| 25. K to R square | 25. P to K Kt 6 |
| 26. Q to K Kt 7 (ch) | 26. B takes Q |
| 27. P to K 7 (ch) | 27. B takes P |
| 28. P to K 8 (queens and ch) | 28. Q to K B square |
| 29. K B takes K R, mating. | |

(a) He might also have played 9. P to Q B 3, in which case the following is a probable variation:—

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| 10. P takes P | 9. P to Q B 3 |
| 11. Kt takes P | 10. P takes P |
| 12. B takes Kt (ch) | 11. Kt takes Kt |
| 13. B takes R | 12. B to Q 2 |
| | 13. Q takes B |

and Black has a strong attacking position for the "exchange" he has lost.

(b) Very cleverly played. If Black take the Knight, White retakes with Queen, with an overpowering attack.

(c) Obviously his only resource.

(d) Threatening a deadly check at Q 8.

(e) All this is very cleverly played by Mr. Dubois. The terminating moves are exceedingly beautiful.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

Speculation on the Derby has been more spirited, and chiefly noticeable for the advance of Cambuscan, who, together with Prince Arthur, is more inquired after than anything in the race. The compulsory retirement of Coup d'Etat has evidently contributed to give Captain White's horse an upward tendency.

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.—11 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris (t 6 to 1); 11 to 2 agst Captain White's Cambuscan (t 6 to 1).
THE CHESTER CUP.—14 to 1 agst Captain King's Golden Pledge (t); 18 to 1 agst Mr. Greville's Anfield (t 20 to 1); 20 to 1 agst Mr. Drevitt's Blackdown (t); 33 to 1 agst Mr. Morry's Crisis (t); 33 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's Merry Hart (t).

THE DERBY.—10 to 1 agst Mr. Morry's Scottish Chief (t); 13 to 1 agst Captain White's Cambuscan (t); 13 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris (t 14 to 1); 16 to 1 agst Lord St Vincent's Forger (off); 20 to 1 agst Mr. L'Anson's Blair Athol (t 25 to 1); 25 to 1 agst Mr. J. Osborne's Prince Arthur (t); 28 to 1 agst Mr. Bowes's Clarendon (t); 5 to 1 agst Mr. Bowes's Baragh (t); 1000 to 15 agst Mr. H. H. H. Copenhagen (t and off); 1,600 to 10 agst Mr. Alexander's Penn (t).

RATS.—A family of Rocky Mountain rats recently carried off, and secreted them among the rocks, 640 lbs. of candles from a mining tunnel at Gregory Point.—Oregon Paper.

WILLIAM ROUSEL.—The great lawyer, William Rousel, is at the present time an inmate of the prison at Pontefract. He works in the yard, and is also engaged in levelling the fortifications surrounding the town.

NO HOME COMPLETES WITHOUT A WILCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospectus free on application at No. 1 agent-street. Advertisement.]

FORTUNE TELLING—A SHREVEPORT GIRL—Mary North, who carried a child in the peculiar gipsy way, and who, on entering the dock, gave the usual "bob," which was intended for a curtsey, was charged with fortune-telling. Sarah Weston, a good-natured looking young woman, said she was in service at No. 3, Middleton-terrace, South-fields. On the previous afternoon, the prisoner came to the house, and wanted her to buy some clothes pegs and afterwards a staylace. She told her that she did not want any. The prisoner then asked her to give her some bread, and witness said she was not at home. She then said, "I shall call on her to-morrow." Witness said, "No, I know my fortune too well already." Mr. Dayman: What did she say to that? Witness (laughing): She said I should have no luck unless I had my fortune told. I told her that that would not get me any luck. (Laughter.) She remained quite a quarter of an hour. I sat at the window, laughing at her. The prisoner addressed the witness as "dear," and said she knew that she wanted only to sell her clothes-peggs. Police-constable Quartermain said he was on duty in the Market-road in plain clothes, when he saw the prisoner going to her house to home. She was at No. 3, at that time. She started to tell him her fortune. She went down the next area and he heard the prisoner ask the servant to have her fortune told. She told the witness that she was a fortunate girl and would have plenty of money (laughter). The girl repeatedly told her to go away. The prisoner said that if she had no money she would tell her fortune for clothes, or for anything else. At last the prisoner saw him, when she turned round and came up the steps. Mr. Dayman said it was very fortunate on this occasion that the prisoner had met with such a sensible girl. The prisoner was very often estranged girls by telling their fortune and said she was very clever. She had very cleverly brought her to the dock, and she committed her to prison for fourteen days, with hard labour. The prisoner was removed crying.

Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE;
OR,
LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.

A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.
WAR.

For the first time since Lota had taken refuge with the Indians, she was alone with the Nena.

It was on the morning following her arrival at the Nena's palace. As he presented himself before her, though they were alone, he bowed lowly.

But, bow as he might, she saw the triumph on his face. "The day is bright, now that it shines on you," he said, beginning even in his very first words to use that inflated style of conversation, which was so habitual to him that, if he is not dead, in all probability he practices it still in his neglect and misery.

As for Lota, she had lived with plain, out-spoken English people for years, and she had acquired many of their ways; amongst the rest, their general frankness. Her Indian education was still at her command; had it not been, she could not have successfully stood once more amidst the Indians.

"What do you want?" She spoke calmly and, if I may use the word, faithfully.

"Your wish is mine; if you are satisfied, I am. If you are dissatisfied, I weep."

"Be candid. What want you?" He looked at her steadily for some moments.

"I am listening," she said, calmly. Then his face changed.

Have you seen a summer landscape, with the sun upon it, suddenly darkened by a drifting cloud?

If so, you can comprehend the change upon his countenance.

He was by no means an ugly man till you came to look into him; and precisely as the sunny landscape may be full of bogs and fever-breeding spots, so his fair seeming face, which appeared at first sight so gracious, had wicked dark spots, which gave their warning to the wise as certainly as the rattlesnake gives its warning to those whom the reptile approaches.

His face changed—for the worse, assuredly. And yet transmuted, it possessed this of praiseworthiness, that it was straightforward. It agreed with what the man meant.

Thus far, hideous as his countenance became, it was an advance upon his smiles.

"You have much to listen to, my Lota!"

He could not help being syncretistic even then, so he said, "My Lota!"

"The sooner you begin, the sooner I shall know what you desire to say."

"You are playing me false."

"You—and who are you that I should play you false?"

"You are playing India false!"

She looked up. "Do you for India care over much?"

The Nena waved his delicate tapering right hand.

"Those whom I seek to govern believe I care for India very much."

"What if I told them you were a traitor, Nena?"

He turned pale—not because he feared her, for the man knew he held this woman in his power; but simply because, being a coward, the very conception of betrayal, the very suggestion of his true character being found out, was quite enough to make him tremble.

"You would not dare to tell them that."

"I—not dare?"

"No, my Lota."

"Remember, you have made me appear as a goddess."

"I could pluck you from the altar, Lota."

"No, you are mistaken."

"What—cannot the builder throw down that which he has built?"

"In time, perchance, Nena; but he cannot overthrow in one poor second the work of years on years."

"To what end do your words lead?" asked the Nena.

"To what end do yours?"

"Hear me—you have grown too arrogant."

"I have been taught not to be humble."

"Before the cowering wretches who do fall before you, bear yourself as queen-like as you will; but—"

"But?"

"But before me you must wear a lowly head."

"I must?"

"You must, indeed!"

"Then whither did you bow to me as you passed the threshold of my door?"

"It was but custom, my good Lota."

"A custom you must cling to, Nena, whenever you shall enter my poor presence."

Now this speech was a defiant one, but the Nena did not flinch. He knew that she spoke all unknowing that he held a power over her which he believed she could not withstand.

"If it but please you, I am well content," he said.

She waved the poor compliment on one side.

"Go on."

"I command—"

He had got thus far when a something in her face stopped him.

"Go on," she repeated.

"I desire—"

"That is a better word," she added, in a sweet, low voice.

"I desire that you prove to the Indians at Delhi, whither my court goes shortly, and whence they will disperse before the week is out to all parts of India, carrying each man the rage for that

liberty which our oppressors call rebellion,—I desire that you prove to them that you are indeed one of us—that you are heart and soul one of us."

"And pray how desire you that this may be done?"

"That is my secret. You must obey with little preparation."

"Oh! I am to prepare to obey?"

"Yes."

"And I am not to know in what my obedience shall consist?"

"No."

"Why, Nena, you speak as though you were the master here."

"And am I not?"

"Methinks, no."

"Who is?"

She did not deign to answer him in words. She merely laid her right hand upon her breast.

The Nena smiled.

"I possess power that you wot not of."

"What is it?"

"You shall see, my Lota."

The Nena went to a window of the room, and flung the carved wood-work shutter open.

She did not rise.

She merely watched his movements.

The Nena looked forth for a few moments.

Then he turned towards Lota.

"Mark here the power I have over you."

He struck his hands together, and in such a way that the action might be seen from any one on the other side of the window.

The three men, who stood each with his back to a cannon's mouth, were not bound to the iron.

Each man stood erect, awaiting without fear the end of that life which all believed was the beginning of the sweet eternity to which they looked forward by reason of their obedience to the Brahmine Lota, to whom they had devoted their earthly lives.

Their was no fear on their faces. On the contrary, their countenances were exulting.

These three men were three of the four amongst whom on the previous night she had divided the diamonds, and who were to have gone north, south, east, and west searching for Vengha.

The fourth was dead—it was his blood which had fallen on the white marble floor of the palace.

At the Nena's signal, the charge had been fired, and, in a moment, the faithful servant exterminated.

A horrible death, this blazing away from the mouth of a cannon but a quick one.

A moment, and the air is dispersed with fragments of the human body, a rain of blood, some fine as mist, some in great thick drops, such as fell at the Nena's feet, and atoms of clothing, all seen in the white cloud of the sulphurous smoke which rises.

The Nena, good at all kinds of cruelty, had planned this horrible execution with the profoundest endeavour to awe Lota.

He had determined to overpower Lota—to conquer her, and to compel the sybil to do his lowest bidding.

In this determination now he commenced to throw all his energy—an energy not any the less fierce because he hated Lota.

There can be no doubt about this hate. He afterwards admitted as much to a prince who remained faithful to the English crown, and whose allegiance the Nena could not shake.

A few moments passed, the Nena looking out through the window, and contemplating the actors in the coming execution with that quiet, wickedly pleasant expression of countenance which you will often see on the face of cruel men in the moment of triumph.

Then the Nena felt that Lota was standing near him.

He did not hear her steps, or her breath even, but he was convinced she was standing near him.

It was perhaps her will that gave him this knowledge.

He turned to see her still defiant. Those few moments were enough in which to con the lesson that she could only conquer, come what might, by defiance.

As the Nena fell back she advanced, went straight on to the window, and in her white splendour showed herself to the three men.

They recognised her, and as their faces flashed with sudden joy they bowed their heads before her.

She saw the rupture on their faces—the hope of the new life.

"Is this the first vengeance of your will?" she said. "These men welcome death."

They did; the fragile lithe youth welcomed the end as fearlessly as he of whom it has been said that he was splendid in the power of his strength.

The Nena looked at her, and raised his hands.

She did not flinch.

"Life and death are in the power of my tongue, my Lota."

"And in mine!"

"Save them—if you can!"

But here she faltered.

What if her power were not so great as she believed it to be? What if her will was not the law of the Indians who had been submitted to her power?

She stood and feared.

What she wished to do was in its way a kind of spurious miracle—she desired to overrule by the pure force of her will, the will of him who was the ruler in that place.

She was afraid to essay, because she was afraid to fail.

As for the Nena, he cared little whether she could or could not hold such a sway over the Indian gunners as would compel them to throw down their fuzes. If she could, he knew he still held her in his power; if she

could not, then he would himself, to be more powerful than she, even when recognised as prophetess.

"Save them!" he repeated.

Her's was an awful ordeal.

She could not speak.

She had no power within herself to exert her power.

"Our prophetess wills that they should die," the Nena said.

And raising his delicate hands, he struck them three separate times.

In the moments that elapsed before the three booms, almost simultaneous, gave the signal that life was struck out of the three men—in those moments the three martyrs to duty turned their breasts to the fire; and as they kept their eyes fixed upon Lota, they uttered the loud, exultant cry, "Ram! Ram!" meaning thereby, "God! God!"

As for Lota, she fell back from the sight, crying in English, "I—I have murdered them!"

So speaking, she fell upon her knees, and hid her face in her hands.

No more spots of blood fell upon the white marble floor; perhaps the breeze had shifted, or the cannon was differently pointed. No more blood, witness to murder, fell upon the white ground.

"Will you obey me now?"

There was no reply.

"Lota, will you obey me now?"

"No!"

This word she uttered in desperation.

"Can I exert no power over you?"

"Not any."

"What if I can mould you as I please?"

"You cannot."

"I cannot?"

"No."

The Nena, without a word further, moved softly across the room, something after the manner of a cat.

He had prepared his plans carefully, artfully—for he was good at plotting. To all low, mercenary, and cruel business the Nena Sahib had served a long, long apprenticeship.

He had well laid his plans for a victory over Lota.

In the first place, he had staggered her by the information given



THE KING OF DELHI. (See page 606.)

Almost simultaneous with the sound, came the low boom of a cannon, fired near the palace.

A moment, and through the open casement fell many red drops, as though a rain of blood was descending.

They fell in great splashes upon the white marble floor.

It was, indeed, a rain of blood.

"Know you, Lota, who by my power has passed to his account?"

"No."

"Your northward messenger."

It was then she started, and turned ghastly white.

This rain of blood was the first intimation she gained that the Nena knew her real object in coming once more amongst the Indians.

Before that wretched hour was out she was to learn that she had been trapped into coming by means of that very love for her child, the truth of which she believed was hidden in her own heart alone.

"Perchance it is an easy death," said the Nena, smilingly.

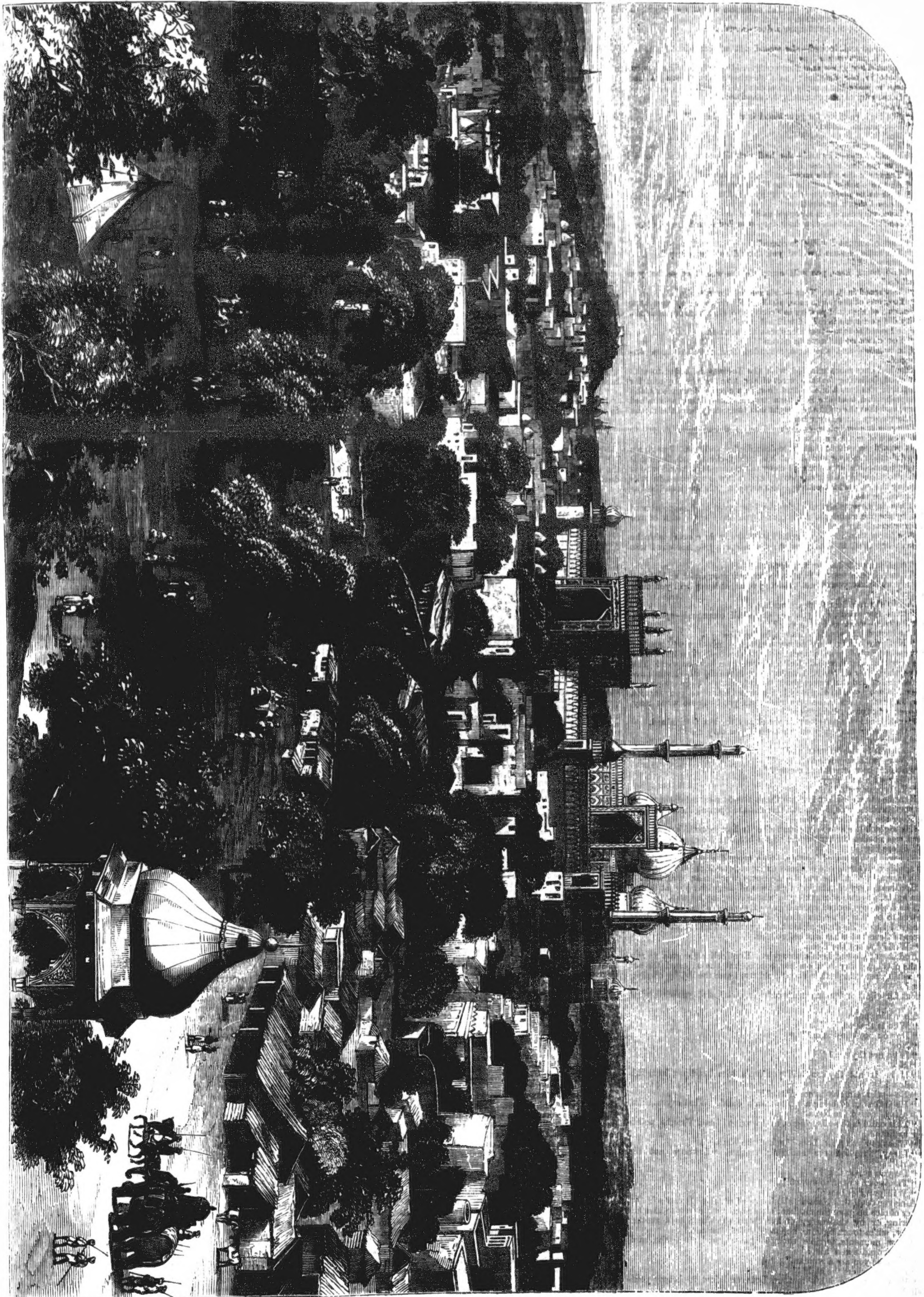
As he spoke, he looked from the window upon four cannon.

At the mouth of each of three of them an Indian was bound.

The fourth was unfurnished with a human being, but about the muzzle were some ragged ropes, broken short off at their knot-

tings.

From the touch-hole of this piece of ordnance a faint blue smoke was rising.



DEP. H. (See page 606)

R

in half-a-dozen words, that her messengers had been arrested, and were paying the penalty of their love with their lives.

Then, when the horror of that situation was at its height, he had designed another terror.

The Nena put his hand upon a door-curtain.

"Lota!"

She turned and looked—she would not answer him till she had words of import on her lips.

She could not guess at the power he held over her. She was but desperate in her defiance; she little thought the Nena was able perhaps to make her meanly sub-servient to his will.

"Lota, why came you amongst us Indians?"

No answer.

"Not for love of us, for your blood is not of India!"

"I—I am not an Indian?"

"No."

"I thank God!"

She had betrayed herself—she had virtually owned that she did not love the Hindoo race.

"You are of the white race—an Englishwoman!"

"And no blood of yours is mine?" she cried.

"Brahma be praised, no drop of my blood is yours!"

"Again I thank heaven!"

"Lota, why came you amongst us?"

Then it was that she saw how deep was her own betrayal of herself.

"I came because I will to come."

"You came because I will to you should not stay away."

"You will!"

"And being here, you will complete the work I chose that you shall do."

"Be warned in time, Nena—twit me not too eagerly."

"You, one of the white race, shall continue to be as you have been, one of the chief powers in driving the white race out of India. Why did you come here? I will tell you."

She looked at him—that alone was her answer.

"YOU CAME TO SEEK YOUR CHILD!"

Six words—and she comprehended that she had been entrapped.

She had once more mingled with the Indians in order to seek her child, believing that the secret of her love for the boy and for his father was hers alone. And now, in a couple of moments, she comprehended that she had been trapped into doing as she had done, and that the child she sought had innocently been the means of the victory gained over her.

She saw it now, clear enough. The child had been stolen, to make sure of her, his mother.

It would be vain to attempt to describe her feelings. Imagine a hopeful miser raising the lid of his money-chest, and finding it empty; conceive of a long journey taken to see a friend who is going to the other end of the world, and which terminates in witnessing the ship which conveys him away a pale speck in the distance of the sea.

Then immeasurably multiply the blankness of disappointment felt by the miser and the friend, and you have some idea of the poor woman's agony.

She knew then that Vengha had been acting in concert with the Nena; but even at that pass she did not suppose her child was near her.

The Nena waited a few moments.

Then he continued: "You came to seek your child, and it was by my will that you came. Having come, it is my will you must obey."

Again she refrained from answering.

"In a few words, will you do as I shall command—speak as I shall direct—think as I wish you?"

She looked him at this point full in the face.

"No!" she cried; "my power against yours—my will against yours—my hate face to face with your detestation! You have made me powerful, and you shall feel the power you have created! You have the power of life and death over your subjects—I will have power of life and death over you! Step for step! Urge me no farther! I warn you to give way! I have no fear of all your threats, for, in truth, I am more powerful than you! Come what may, happen what shall, I defy you!"

Her defiance was pale-faced, but not any the less determined.

"Come what may, happen what shall, you defy me?"

"I defy you!"

"Then it is war between us?"

"War—with no peace to follow!"

"Shall it be war without mercy?"

"War without mercy."

"You speak well."

Here he struck his hands three times, the door-curtain near which he was standing was raised, and there at the opening stood Vengha, holding the little boy Arthur.

His right little arm was round the Indian woman's neck, his head was nestled in her neck, and his bright little eyes were fixed full before him.

She was not prepared for this. She uttered a sound which has no spelling. It was one of those expressions which are the common language of all the world—the notes of joy, fear, love, hope.

Here was a cry of mingled rapture and anguish; joy at seeing him again, anguish at marking in whose company he was.

The little boy looked up, and peered eagerly at Lota. He appeared to be searching her face. But probably the Indian dress deceived him. He dropped his head again, and stared without apparent interest at what was before him.

"Well?" asked the Nena.

And then followed Lota's struggle. Her inclination was to run to the child and lay him on her bosom, but she arrested the act by asking herself whether she should not harm the lad by owning him?

But for eight or ten moments did she stand, not knowing what to do.

Then she spoke.

"Who is that child?"

"Do you not know him?"

"No."

"Is he not thy son?"

"No."

"If he is not thy son, will you dash him headlong from this window?"

"No—what sin has he committed?"

"He is the son of a white man's child. What sayest thou, Vengha?" added the Nena.

"This child is the offspring of that woman?" said Vengha, pointing to Lota.

"What say you now, Lota?" asked the Nena.

"I say," replied the suffering mother, "I know not the infant!"

"Do you swear that?"

"There is no need to swear."

"Will you kiss him?"

A clever devil this Nena in all shapes of cruelty. It was a bitter, bitter choice he gave the mother: either she must refuse to kiss her offspring, or by the energy of her kisses she would as a mother bestow, when touching him, she must betray herself.

A few moments, terrible thought passed, and then she said, "Why should I kiss him?"

"Because you are a woman."

"I will not kiss the child!"

"Because you are his mother, Lota, and fear to betray yourself."

"I say I will not kiss the child!"

As she spoke, raising her voice, the child looked up again from Vengha's shoulder. Then the little fellow's head fell again, and a wan look of disappointment fell upon his face.

"I am not his mother!"

"Vengha says yes."

"She says so for some purpose of her own."

"I do believe her!"

"He is not my child!"

And now Vengha, who had been standing almost motionless, began to speak.

"Is this not your child?"

"No!"

"What if he claims you as his mother?"

"I would still say, he is not my child."

"Arty, dear; here's mamma," said the nurse to the child.

The boy looked up quickly, gazed about eagerly, and then dropped his head again.

"See there," said the nurse, pointing to Lota.

The child sat up, and peered eagerly at Lota.

Lota, for her part, stood looking straight before her, and changing her countenance as far as lay in her power.

The boy, thus brought in evidence against his mother, peered eagerly at her, and then again sank wearily upon his nurse's neck.

"Dat isn't my mamma!" said the lad.

"Are you satisfied?" asked Lota.

"Most satisfied!" replied the Nena. "The boy cannot be yours, and therefore he is of no more value to me. Let him be shot!"

He had found the way to her heart at last. No sooner did she comprehend that she had decreed her son's death than she broke down. All her stolidism was given to the winds.

"No—no!"

"Wherefore?" asked the Nena.

"He is my son!"

"Hail! I thought we should arrive at the truth at last!"

By this time the poor mother had gone to the nurse, and taken the child from Vengha's arms.

"Oh, yes," said the boy, "dis is mamma!"

And, so saying, he buried his little head in his mother's arms and breast.

"I conquer!" said the Nena.

It was a fine victory—to bring mother and child together, and to cause them mutually to convict one another.

"You will obey me?" he said.

"Yes, yes—I will obey you," she replied, crouching over the little one.

She was conquered.

"You will be on your road to Delhi (a) within an hour," said the Nena, haughtily, as he quitted the room: "the King (b) will deal with you."

(To be continued in our next)

(a) DELHI DESCRIBED.—Delhi, the ancient capital of the Pan and Mogul empires, in its great days, according to popular tradition, covered a space of twenty square miles—the ruins of the old city at present occupy nearly as great an extent. The modern city of Delhi contains many good houses, mostly of brick. The streets are in general narrow, with the exception of two—the first leading direct from the palace to the Delhi Gate, which is 1,100 yards long by 30 broad; the second from the palace to the Lahore Gate, which is a mile long by 40 yards in breadth. In order to supply water to the royal gardens, the aqueduct of All-ur-Rahman Khan was constructed, by which the waters of the Jumna, while pure and wholesome, are conducted for 120 miles to Delhi, immediately after the river leaves the mountains. The water of the river near the city is unfit for drink, nor does herbage grow where it overflows. During the troubles that followed the decline of the Mogul power, the channel of this aqueduct was neglected, and when the English took possession of the city it was found choked up in most parts with rubbish. It is the sole source of irrigation to the gardens of Delhi, and of drinkable water to its inhabitants; and when re-opened in 1829, the whole population went out in jubilee to meet the stream as it flowed slowly onwards, throwing flowers, sweetmeats and other offerings into the water, and calling down all manner of blessings on the British Government. Cotton cloths and indigo are still manufactured in the town and neighbourhood, and a manufactory of shawls has recently been established with success, native Oudhmerian weavers superintending the looms. As to the capability of the city for defence, we may remark that so long back as 1804, when the defences of Delhi were in a very imperfect and ruinous state, the city was successfully defended by a small force of native troops under Colonel Ochterlony and Barnard's Holkar's army of 30,000 men and 100 guns. No doubt the besieged showed as much spirit as the besiegers did cowardice and incapacity; but the fact remains that a garrison of about 2,000 sepoy and irregulars were able to defend Delhi against an army which had a few days previously destroyed Monsoon's force of five regular battalions, with artillery in proportion, and 8,000 horse. After the siege, up to 1858, large sums, amounting to several lacs of rupees, were spent by the British in improving the fortifications. In that year Lord Auckland visited Delhi, and, sad to say, recommended additional works. In furtherance of his views, additional sums were expended in repairs and improvements, which may be fairly regarded as rendering the city impregnable to a force unprovided with a siege train. The defences of Delhi, therefore, cannot be styled contemptible, though, no doubt, they are not such as to afford a chance of holding out against any considerable army with batteries.

(b) THE KING OF DELHI AND HIS WIVES.—The founder of the family of the King of Delhi bore the name of Akbar, and by his energy and wisdom raised the empire over which he ruled to a proud position. The Kings of Delhi have long since been prohibited from coming money and conferring titles, except upon the members of the household; and Lord Ellenborough, when Governor General, did away with his receiving offerings from British functionaries, giving him the equivalent allowances in exchange. The King of Delhi had of course a great number of wives for from time immemorial this has always been considered in India to add much to the importance of a sovereign. Besides his wives, he had the usual establishment of natch or dancing girls, who are generally gorgeously dressed, and whose hands, arms, and legs are covered with bracelets and ornaments of gold, silver, and precious stones, some of which are of exquisite workmanship. Delhi, indeed, is especially remarkable for its jewellers—they quite excel in all manner of work; and in a country where so much importance is attached to personal decoration, it is needless to say that this trade is one which occupies a large number of persons. The jewellery is of the purest metal, and every precaution is taken that no alloy should be introduced. The value and amount of jewellery worn by the natives of India, even among the lower classes, is immense. The residence of the last Great Mogul was one of the handsomest buildings in India. It was situated on the banks of the Jumna, and was surrounded by a wall highly ornamented with battlements and turrets. The gates were particularly handsome. The portion of the palace inhabited by the King, was however, dirty and ill-kept to a degree, and nothing could be more tawdry than the garments and general appearance of his domestics.

CAPTAIN SEMMES AND THE ALABAMA.—Mr. Cooper, the novelist, should have died hereafter. With a craft like the Alabama on the high seas, commanded by a man like Semmes, we, of 1864, cannot but find J. Fenimore Cooper's sea stories to be somewhat tame reading. The Alabama has visited Singapore, and been inspected by newspaper reporters and others, who describe her as a model of beauty and order. Captain Semmes points aloft to the Confederate ensign, and says, "No matter, that flag never comes down." He means, no matter whether the South are subdued or otherwise; he will never bend to the yoke. That is to say that he is a rebel on his own responsibility, and will hold out as an independent outlaw for the remainder of his natural existence, a sort of Rob Roy adrift. Perhaps the South may accede to terms of re-union; Semmes says, "No matter," and goes about on the high seas burning American ships, reducing their captains, crews, and passengers to destitution, and turning them adrift in distant ports upon the charity of the world. All this is done, let it be marked, without daring any of those perils which even the most ordinary robber has to encounter. The weak Captain Semmes preys upon the strong he gives the ship to. There are none of the elements of the hero in such a character or such a career as his.—*China Mail*, Jan. 15.

AN INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT AND MRS. LINCOLN.

Mr. G. A. Sala, the special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in America, thus graphically describes his interview with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, at Washington.—

"I shall never recall that memorable interview, and that more memorable hand-shaking, without the tears coming into my eyes. On this particular Saturday I felt inclined to cry like a child. What brought the aqueous humour into these callous orbs? It wasn't awe, it wasn't reverence, it wasn't sympathy for the oppressed African, it wasn't whisky, it wasn't even the fact that I was an orphan and a wanderer on the face of the earth. The tears came into my eyes simply for the reason that the President's hand-shaking was so hard and so earnest as to have reduced my own hand nearly to the consistence of pulp. We talk sometimes of a leg-of-mutton fist, of an adamant hand. Abraham Lincoln has both. Napoleon the elder, it was said, had a hand of iron with a velvet glove; only sometimes he forgot to put his gloves on. Uncle Abe has assuredly the iron hand, the cast-steel hand, but no one could say he was gloveless. He wore on this occasion a pair of white kids, which the tallest of Barnum's four giants might have envied. As to his grip—talk to me of packing cotton bales or screwing ocean steamers off the stocks by hydraulic pressure; amuse me with tales of the Big Bear of Arkansas' hardest hugs; feed me with stories of bow-constrictors crushing all the bones of a goat in a single convulsion; tell me about Professor Harrison, the strong man who crushes powder pots between his fingers, and the Russian Count Orloff, who crumples up silver salvers just as Mr. Cobden said he would crumple up Russia—like a sheet of paper. Narrate to me all these facts and all these fables, but they are nought in comparison; they are saphy breaths, fairy footstep, butterfly perillage, when named in company with Abraham Lincoln's grip. He doesn't smile when he takes your hand; he does not wring it like a bell, nor wave it like a flag. He merely takes it, and quietly and silently squeezes it into dough. Mr. Lincoln is so tall that, looking up in his face, you might, did not respect forbid you, ask 'how cold the weather was up there.' He is so tall, that a friend who had an interview with him in his private office made use of the expression, that when he rose there did not seem the slightest likelihood of his getting up ever coming to an end. He seemed to be drawing himself out like a telescope. Again, this dark face, strongly marked, livid and crowsfooted, and fringed with coarse and tangled hair, is so uncouth and so rugged that it narrowly escapes being either terrible or grotesque. A touch of the chisel one way or the other, and you would have either a Quasimodo or a Richard III. But the possible grotesque is obliterated, the imminent terrible is smoothed away, by a peculiar soft, almost feminine expression of melancholy, which, to me at least, seemed to pervade the countenance of this remarkable man. The melancholy look struck me most forcibly when I remembered that I was in the presence of the great joker of jokes—the Sancho Panza made governor of this Transatlantic Barataria; but there the look was—the regard of a thoughtful, weary, saddened, overworked man; of one who was desperately striving to do his best, but who woke up every morning to find the wheat that he had sown growing up as tares; of one who was continually regretting that he did not know more, that he could not know more—that he had begun his work too late, and must lay down his sceptre too early.

"Mr. Lincoln does not stand straight on his feet, but sways about with an odd sidelong motion, as though he were continually pumping something from the ground—say Truth from the bottom of her well—or heaving up some invisible anchor. It gave me the notion of a mariner who had found his sea-legs, and could toe a line well, but who had to admit that there was a rough sea running. First he pulled at one gigantic glove, and then at the other; first he inclined his pulsant head to one side, and then to the other; but he never drew himself up to his full height. Perhaps he thought of the ceiling, and was reluctant to bring it down on the heads of us Philistines. My interview with him was of very brief duration, and was mainly made up of commonplace. Of course he said that he was very glad to see me, that he hoped I liked my stay, that I had come at a critical period, and that the country presented a very different aspect to that which it once had. Mr. Sumner informed him that I proposed 'illustrating' in public what I had seen in America. 'Ah,' said the President, 'faded! with the pencil or the pen? There is a good deal to illustrate just now.' I hinted that the pen was my vocation. Neither more nor less took place. I saw that Mr. Lincoln had no wish to tell me any stories, or to talk politics; and after another tremendous squeeze of the hand from him I retired from his presence.

"My presentations were not, however, at an end. I was taken to the centre of the apartment, where, standing in a circle of ladies, was one short, plump, and well-favoured, and attired in a velvet dress of royal purple, profusely trimmed with pearls and lace. This was Mrs. Lincoln. I had the honour to shake her hand; but it was a little hand, and my crushed digits were spared another painful ordeal. I think I can give almost a shorthand writer's report of my conversation with Mrs. Lincoln. After the first salutations she said, 'Do you keep your health, sir?'

"I replied that I was happy and thankful to say that I enjoyed tolerable health."

"How long have you been in this country, sir?" she asked.

"I said that I had been seven weeks on the American continent."

"How long do you conclude to remain, sir?" she went on.

"I replied that I hoped to remain about seven months longer."

"The President's wife was then good enough to ask 'how I liked the country.' I replied diplomatically, that it was very large and very wonderful."

FEMINE CURIOSITY.—A very odd circumstance in connexion with the first agricultural exhibition in India, at Alipore, says the *Times* Calcutta correspondent, has occurred. It seems that the wives of the natives were not satisfied with judging of so great a tamasha merely by the accounts their male relatives brought home, and a large number of native ladies expressed a wish to visit the exhibition. The authorities were very willing to gratify them, but the difficulty was how to do it, since the first essential was that the ladies should not be seen. With the ingenuity of their sex, under such circumstances, they suggested that they might go by moonlight, and consequently a notice was placed on the grounds requesting every male to leave at sunset. The ladies went, but how they looked or what they saw it is impossible under such circumstances to say.

THE AUSTRIAN AND PRUSSIAN FLEETS.—The following statement of the strength of the Austrian and Prussian fleets has been published at Stettin.—The Austrian fleet, exclusive of vessels upon the inland waters of the empire, consists of one ship-of-the-line, 800-horse power, 91 guns; five frigates, together 1,800-horse power, and 194 guns; two corvettes, 460-horse power, and 44 guns; three schooners, 220-horse power, and 18 guns; seven iron-clad frigates, 4,250-horse power, and 226 guns; ten gun-boats, 1,880-horse power, and 40 guns; ten paddlewheels, 1,500-horse power, and 86 guns; two steam yachts, 420-horse power, and 6 guns—in all 40 ships, carrying 556 guns. The Prussian fleet is stated as consisting of four corvettes, each carrying 28 guns; two ditto of 17 guns each; eight large gun-boats, with 8 guns each; fifteen smaller ditto, with two guns each; one yacht, one paddlewheel corvette guardship, carrying 9 guns; two steam despatch boats, one carrying 2 the other 4 guns; two steam tugs. An iron-clad is building for the Prussian Government in England. The entire Prussian fleet is in commission at present, therefore, consists of 35 vessels, carrying 248 guns.

SQUABBLE BETWEEN THE BENCH AND THE BAR.

At the Old Bailey Sessions Francis Giles, an attorney's clerk, surrendered to an indictment charging him with embezzling money belonging to a friendly society.

Mr. Metcalfe was counsel for the prosecution, and Mr. F. H. Lewis defended the prisoner. The prisoner was secretary to what is called the "Process in Unity Society," a branch of the order of Foresters. It was his duty to receive subscriptions from members and enter them in a book, and, according to the rules of the society, he ought to have received them at the head-quarters of the society, a tavern called the Golden Horse, and to have entered them at once and in the presence of the sub-treasurer, who was required to make corresponding entries in a book kept by him. The entries in the secretary's and in the sub-treasurer's books became thus a check upon each other, and at the end of the meeting the total sum received should have been handed over to the treasurer. On the evening of the 25th of March a working gardener named Davy, a member of the lodge, living at Stratford, paid a quarter's subscription of 7s. 6d., including a small fine, to the prisoner at the meeting place of the society, but sufficient members had not then assembled to constitute a court, nor had the sub-treasurer arrived. The prisoner said he had not then his book with him, but would enter the sum in it at the next meeting. That sum he ought to have paid over to the sub-treasurer, but he did not, and he was now charged with appropriating it to his own use, with other sums, amounting to £3 or £9, received by him under similar circumstances. He had admitted to a Mr. Lock and two others of the trustees of the society, when called to explain, that he must have received certain sums, a list of which was shown to him, and that he recollected receiving the 7s. 6d. from Davy. That was in December last, when the prisoner was about to be charged before the magistrates at Ilford. He called the three trustees aside and asked them not to press the charge, for he was already a ruined man, having lost his place, adding that he was prepared to pay whatever was due from him. They declined to entertain the application, and the prisoner was afterwards committed for trial.

Mr. Commissioner Kerr, in summing up the case, pointed out circumstances in the prisoner's conduct which, in his opinion, went to negative the suggestion of fraud, and to show rather that the charges against the prisoner were only irregularities due to an elaborate system of forms which he had to deal. He remarked upon the impropriety of recourse being had to a criminal prosecution in such a case, and said that under the Friendly Societies Act, and at a cost of only a few shillings, the prisoner might have been ordered before a county court judge and ordered to pay the money in dispute; but, unfortunately, the society consulted a lawyer, and hence this prosecution.

The jury "Acquitted" the prisoner. The prisoner was then arraigned on another specific charge of embezzlement, alleged to have been committed under similar circumstances, and of which in the result he was also "Acquitted," under the ruling of the learned judge, who remarked, by the way, that it would only have been graceful for the society to have retired from the prosecution after the first verdict.

Mr. Metcalfe proposed to proceed with a third indictment against the prisoner. The learned judge, he said, had remarked that it was a graceful act for a counsel to withdraw from a case where a jury had given a verdict which practically decided the questions in issue. He admitted that such a course was frequently taken where a verdict really appeared conclusive as to the whole matters in dispute, but that, in his opinion, was not so in the present case, and therefore he proposed to go on with the prosecution, knowing nothing and caring nothing, as he did, as to what was graceful or otherwise where duty and conscience imposed upon him a certain course. In such a case he had only a duty to perform to his clients, regardless of either judge or counsel. Had the court been differently constituted he might not have thought it necessary to make any excuse for proceeding, but—

Mr. Commissioner Kerr, interposing, begged that the learned counsel would withdraw that remark, or he must adjourn the court.

Mr. Metcalfe asked to what remark the learned judge referred.

Mr. Commissioner Kerr: The remark to effect that if the court had been differently constituted you would not have made such and such observations. I call on you to withdraw that remark.

Mr. Metcalfe said if his lordship had not made an observation calculated to embarrass him in the discharge of his duty, he would not have made the remark which appeared to have given umbrage.

Mr. Commissioner Kerr: I will not argue the question with you. I say you have made an observation disrespectful to the court, and unless you retract it I will command that the court be adjourned.

Mr. Metcalfe: Your lordship made an observation reflecting on my clients and on me in the discharge of my duty to them. I did not intend to show any disrespect towards your lordship.

Mr. Commissioner Kerr, rising from his seat and addressing the sheriff, directed them to adjourn the court. Turning to the jury, he said he was sorry to have to adjourn the further consideration of the case.

Mr. Metcalfe hoped his lordship would not resort to a course which would result in the jury being locked up for the night.

Mr. Commissioner Kerr said he should be compelled to do so unless the offensive remark was withdrawn.

Mr. Metcalfe said if his lordship thought he had said anything disrespectful to him he would retract it, but he did not think he had.

Mr. Commissioner Kerr ventured to say that

every member of the bar would concur with him that the remark was offensive and discourteous. (Applause.)

Mr. Metcalfe then withdrew the observation, explaining, in doing so, that he had only felt it his duty to protect his clients in the matter, and that he had not intended to say anything discourteous towards the bench.

The case then proceeded on its merits, and in the end the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty," and the prisoner was discharged.

Mr. Commissioner Kerr, believing it was wrong to have made the circumstances the ground for a criminal prosecution, said he should make no order with respect to costs, which would therefore fall on the society.

SINGULAR ACTION FOR SLANDER.

In the Court of Exchequer has been tried a case, *Brown v. Sidney*, being an action for slander, and also for the recovery of certain coachmakers' tools.

Mr. Serjeant Atkinson was counsel for the plaintiff; and Mr. Serjeant Parry and Mr. Howard for the defendant.

The peculiarity in this case was that the plaintiff, who sought damages for slander, was a returned convict. He had been sentenced to penal servitude for forgery, and on being discharged from prison in 1860 he set up in business as a coach builder. In 1862 he became a bankrupt, and was now a working coachmaker. In 1863 he became acquainted with the defendant, a coach builder in the Pentonville-road, who employed him as a journeyman in his workshop. Ultimately some difference arose between them as to the plaintiff's charges, and the alleged slander consisted in the defendant stating, with the addition of certain epithets, that he was a rogue and had robbed him by overcharges for the work he had done. After this the plaintiff left the defendant's premises, and he now complained that the defendant had improperly detained some of his tools.

The defendant denied having uttered the alleged slander, and said he only complained of the plaintiff having made some very serious overcharges. He also stated that he did not know until after they parted that the plaintiff was a returned convict. It also appeared that the defendant had gone down to Bedford to pay off a bill of sale for £60 on some property of the plaintiff's; had accepted a bill of £16 for him, and done other acts of kindness towards the plaintiff in the course of their business transactions. With regard to the other branch of the action the defendant gave evidence to show that the plaintiff had taken away all his tools.

The Lord Chief Baron, in summing up, said that in former times an action for slander, and another of trover, could not be brought and tried together; but under the Common Law Procedure Act any number of actions could be joined together. He did not think this was an improvement, nor that anything was gained in diminution of expense which could be compared with the embarrassment and difficulty which arose from having joined together two such incongruous subjects as an action for slander and a claim for the detention of goods. With regard to the slander in this case, he thought that what the defendant said meant nothing more than that the plaintiff had overcharged him. No doubt an overcharge might amount to what might fairly be called robbery; but he was of opinion, in point of law, that in any dealings between a master and servant, or tradesman and customer, an allegation of that kind might be made, if it were true, without being justified, as it was in the nature of a privileged communication. If the jury thought that the defendant made the imputation honestly, believing it to be true, they would find a verdict for the defendant; but if they were of opinion that he did not make it honestly it was an imputation on the plaintiff in the way of his business, and he was entitled to damages. After alluding to the claim for the tools, his lordship said it was very much to be lamented that whatever provocation the plaintiff had received he did not hesitate, before he brought an action for slander against a man who had rendered him such material assistance, and at a time when the plaintiff was seeking to be restored to a position of respectability and credit in society.

The jury found a verdict for the defendant on the slander counts, and for the plaintiff on the other counts, with damages of £10.

VOLCANOS IN JAVA.—BATAVIA, Jan. 14.—The steamer Java, which arrived last night with Europe mail, starts again in an hour's time. Incessant rains with extremely boisterous weather. Rivers very high, and some parts of the town overflooded. There has been an eruption of the Merapi and the Kloet. All the towns in the neighbourhood buried in volcanic ash and lava, the former was even carried to places eighty miles distant. The little village of Blitar is supposed to be totally destroyed. Several sugar and tobacco crops ruined. Some 350 lives lost. Exact particulars not yet come to hand.—*Straits Times*, Jan. 20.

THE WATCH TRADE.—"The number of watches produced at Ludgegate-hill is something enormous, touching 15,000 yearly, manufactured on the most approved principle of division of labour, under the personal superintendence of the principal."—*Mechanics Magazine*, Sept. 5th, 1862. Chronometer, duplex, lever, horizontal, repeaters, centre seconds, keyless, split seconds, and every description of watch, adapted to all climates. Benson's Illustrated Pamphlet on Watches (free by post for two stamps) contains a short history of watchmaking, with prices from 3 to 200 guineas each. It acts as a guide in the purchase of a watch, and enables those who live in any part of the world to select a watch, and have it sent free and safely by post. Price Medal and Honourable Mentions, Classes 33 and 15. J. W. Benson, 83 and 84, Ludgegate-hill, London. Established 1749. Watch and Clock Maker, by Special Warrant of Appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.—[Advertisement.]

AN IRISH SEDUCTION AND BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

THE great breach of promise case, "*Ferguson v. Hely*," in the Court of Common Pleas, Dublin, has been settled. The interest excited by it was so great that it was found necessary that tickets for admission to the court should be issued by the sheriff. As the accommodation could meet but a small portion of the demand, it is said that some gentlemen donned the gown and wig in order to get in as barristers. The court had been packed the previous day in the expectation that the trial would come on, but nothing was done except the swearing in of a special jury, which consisted of a class of men so respectable that some of them were magistrates. There had been rumours of a compromise, but this was so difficult to accomplish that after the failure of repeated efforts the pleadings were opened by the junior counsel before an agreement was effected. At length the leading counsel appeared—Serjeant Armstrong for the plaintiff, and Serjeant Sullivan for the defendant—and stopped the case by announcing the terms on which a settlement had been effected. There were two actions, in each of which the damages were laid at £10,000. In the first the plaintiff was the Rev. Samuel Ferguson, of Moyne Glebe, in the county of Tipperary, and the action was brought for the recovery of damages for the seduction of Julia Caroline Ferguson, his daughter, whereby she became pregnant, and he lost her services. The defendant had pleaded a denial of the seduction, and the issue for the jury was whether this plea, which involved a foul imputation on the lady's character, was true or not. The second action was for a breach of promise of marriage, brought by Miss Ferguson herself against Mr. Hely, in which also the damages were laid at £10,000. The defendant submitted to a verdict in both the cases—damages for seduction £10,000, and for breach of promise £2,000, with costs. The defendant, Mr. Georgios Hely, of Folke Court, in the county of Kilkenny, at the same time withdrew unconditionally every imputation on the character of Miss Ferguson with reference to immoral conduct with any person but himself. Serjeant Armstrong stated that the action was instituted by no means with a view of receiving compensation in the way of money,—for that would be impossible—but for the vindication of the character of this unhappy lady. The chief justice expressed his very great gratification that an arrangement had been come to in these cases—as good an arrangement as could be expected under the existing circumstances, and that this reparation, such as it was, had been made to the young lady. He also felt gratified that by the arrangement the public discussion of such matters in his court had been avoided. The Rev. Mr. Ferguson and his family resided near Kingstown, moving of course in good society, and Mr. Hely, a gentleman belonging to a county bordering on his own in the south, had been a frequent visitor at his house; hence the intimacy which ended so unhappily.

Graco and his three fellow convicts have been removed to La Roquette, from whence they will proceed—Graco and Trabuco to Cayenne, and the other two to some prison in the provinces.

VOLCANIC ISLANDS.—Since the 28th of June, 1831, an island, successively graced with the names of Ferdinand, Graham, Holham, Nerita, and Julia, has several times appeared and disappeared off Palermo, and is now on the point of getting above water again. There is no doubt that this curious phenomenon is attributable to volcanic agency; nor is this the only instance of the kind on record. In the neighbourhood of the Philippine Islands, and on other points of the Chinese waters, small islands occasionally rise and make their exit again without attracting much notice. Of this the *Patric* relates the following curious instance:—"A German skipper, Captain Hilmacher, who had passed many years of his life in those parts, and knew every shoal and sandbank within 100 miles of the Chinese coast, suddenly, about twenty years ago, discovered an island, which he was perfectly certain did not exist on that spot before. He took his soundings, determined the latitude and longitude, sailed all round it, and found that it was from twelve to thirteen miles in length and breadth. There were several springs of fresh water in it, and it consisted of the richest pasture-ground imaginable. Captain Hilmacher instantly returned to Europe, recruited a number of German emigrants, bought all kinds of seeds, agricultural implements, poultry, and cattle, set out again for this new El Dorado, and in a couple of years there might be seen on the desert island a flourishing village, fields waving with corn, meadows peopled with oxen, goats, and sheep, everything, in short, that might constitute a thriving colony. This happy state of things lasted about five years, when a British merchant vessel unexpectedly made its appearance. The captain and crew expressed their astonishment at finding a European community in such an out-of-the-way place, entered into amicable intercourse with the colonists, and gave them a quantity of brandy in exchange for their produce. This circumstance proved the ruin of the colony; drunkenness grew into a habit; insubordination was the consequence, and one fine day poor Captain Hilmacher, who had hitherto ruled his little kingdom with great wisdom, was obliged to make his escape in a boat to avoid being murdered. He succeeded in reaching a vessel, which took him home again. There he easily obtained the command of a ship, which he took care to provide with plenty of arms, for the purpose of punishing his unruly subjects and make them repent of their ingratitude. He set sail, but on arriving within the latitude where his island had once existed he was astonished to find the place empty; not a vestige of land was to be seen; the island had gone as it had come. Had the catastrophe occurred so suddenly as to preclude all possibility of escape? This is what Captain Hilmacher never learnt."—*Galignani's Messenger*.

THE NEW DANISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

The following is extracted from a letter written from the head-quarters of the Danish army:—"During General De Meza's absence, to explain his evacuation of the Dannenwerke, the command has devolved upon General Lutichan, a favourite with the army, from his well-known disposition to fight every inch of ground no matter what the odds. We were kept waiting a short time in a room filled with clerks and aides-de-camp. The door soon flew open, and all rose to their feet, as with a bright haughty glance he stepped among us, a man of about fifty, with yellow moustachios, thin hair, and a high narrow forehead, looking a smart and perhaps severe but most energetic commander. His tall figure, drawn to its full height, and the becoming uniform which he wore, may have given General Lutichan a younger aspect than his years will warrant, but of the character written upon his face there can be no mistake. This army is fortunate in having such a chief, even for a few weeks. It is, however, the common belief that De Meza will return before long. So old and distinguished an officer may prefer to retire from a post in which he cannot hope for a chance of winning back his former popularity; and if such should prove to be the result, there is no likelihood of any further change in the command. Having received a bow from the busy general, which was all that useless civilians could expect, we were banded over to his secretary, who gave us the necessary passes for visiting every Danish position, and accordingly I sought the earliest opportunity of exercising this power."

NOTICE TO INVENTORS

OFFICE FOR PATENTS.
4, TRAFALGAR-SQUARE, CHARING-CROSS.
Printed Instructions (gratis) as to the COST OF PATENTS for Great Britain or foreign countries. Advice and assistance in disposing of or working inventions. Apply personally or by letter to Messrs. PRINCE, HAMMOND and PRINCE, Patent Office, 4, Trafalgar-square, Charing-cross, W.C.

JOSHUA ROGERS'S
UNIVERSAL PRIZE SHILLING BOX
OF WATER COLOURS. Patronised and used by the Royal Family, consists of a Mahogany Box containing ten Superior Colours, and three extra fine deep-painted Colours. Each with practical directions for use. With six Enamels marked "Joshua Rogers's 18, Pavement, Finsbury-square, from 133, Bunhill-row," where they can be had, and of all bookellers, stationers, colourmen, and fancy goodsellers. As
JOSHUA ROGERS'S
Price Ninety-sixp. Box of Water Colours contains the ten Colours, three Brushes, and directions for use, as ordered by the Society of Arts. Sold as above.

JOSHUA ROGERS'S
Price Ninety-sixp. Box of Drawing Pencils, contains six Superior Pencils, India-rubber, and four Drawing Pins. Sold as above.
JOSHUA ROGERS'S
Original Penny Superior Water Colours are not surpassed in quality by the colours of other makers charged at one shilling each. The genuine are stamped "Joshua Rogers's Penny Colours 18, Pavement, Finsbury-square, from 133, Bunhill-row." A list of names sent for a penny stamp. Sold as above.

TO LADIES ONLY.—Dr. SCOTT attends and corresponds with ladies in pregnancy, midwifery, irregularities, discharges, &c. in marriage. He has had thirty years' experience. Late Adam-street, Adolphus, St. Leonards-square. "The Ladies' Medical Consultant," free by post for fourpence stamps.

Diseases of the Nerves, &c. Just Published, Price 18s.
DISEASES OF THE NERVES, BRAIN AND MIND. The Causes, Symptoms, and Effects of these Maladies, with full Instructions as to the Constitutional Basis on which to Eat, Drink, and Avoid—Bathing, Exercise, &c. Really plain and easy Directions for the complete and permanent cure of every description of Nervousness.
Published by W. Ray, Bookseller, 14, Brighton-Piazza, New Kent Road, London.

THE INVIGORATIVE NERVINE
FERRIER.—The most scientifically prepared and most powerful nutritive cordial ever introduced; restores to their normal condition all the secretions on the integrity of which perfect health depends. It is a specific for debility of all kinds; and, from its containing among other ingredients, peppine and phosphate of soda, will prove highly beneficial to the nervous and dyspeptic. Price 6s. per bottle, or four quantities in one for 22s.—Sole agents, Messrs. BAUMGARTEN and Co., 299, Oxford-street London W.C.

ESTABLISHED 1804.
PRIVATE MEDICAL ADVICE.
Dr. PEEDE, 14, King-street, Holborn, London, may be consulted in all private and confidential cases arising from injurious habits, &c. Female complaints treated in a confidential and particular manner. Letters promptly attended to. Hours, 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

TO THE NERVOUS OF BOTH SEXES.—A RETIRED CLERGYMAN, having been quickly restored to health after many years of great nervous suffering, is willing to assist others, by sending (free), on the receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, a copy of the Prescription used.—Direct to Rev. G. Douglas, 18, Holland-street, Bristol, London.

(To the Young Men of England who suffer from Nervous Debility.)
Just Published.

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE
OF AN INVALID: designed as a warning and a caution to others; supplying, at the same time, the means of Self Cure, by the use of a certain medicine, after undergoing the annual amount of Medical Imposition and Quackery. Single copies may be had (gratis), by sending a stamped addressed envelope to the author, ANTHONY DIXON, Esq. Finsbury, near London.

Dr. Curtis on Mar. 1860, Nervous Debility, Spinal Paralysis, &c., with plates. Post free by the Author, 12 stamps, sealed ends.

MANHOOD; THE CAUSE AND CURE OF PRO-
mature Decline in Man, with plain Directions for perfect Restoration to Health and Vigour, being a Medical Essay on the Treatment of Nervous and Physical Debility, originating in youthful errors and excess; the Cure of Infectious Diseases without Mercury, and their Prevention by the Author's Prescription of his Infallible Lotion, the result of twenty-five years' successful practice. By Dr. J. L. CURTIS, 15, Aldersgate-street, Finsbury, London.

"We feel no hesitation in saying, there is no member of society by whom the book will not be found useful—whether such person hold the relation of a parent, preceptor or clergyman."—*Sun*.

"This work should be read by young and old."—*United Service Gazette*.

Sold also by Mann, 39, Cornhill. At home from 10 till 3, 6 till 10.

TO LADIES ONLY.—Midwifery, Pregnancy, Confinement, &c. Medical advice given on all possible cases. Letters answered strictly confidential by Dr. Richardson, Medical Hall, 101, Drury-lane, London. Female powders for irregularities 5s. per packet. Consultation from 9 to 12 morning; 6 to 10 evening.

A GENTLEMAN having been cured of the results of youthful error and private disorders, after years of suffering, will forward the prescription used on receipt of two stamps for expenses in transmission. Address, B. D. Esq., 24, Holywell-street, Strand, London.

Dr. HENRI on SPERMATORRHOEA, and all Affections of the Generative Organs, explaining the means of perfect cure. Tenth edition, 184 page illustrated with plates, price 1s., free thirty-four stamps, sealed ends, &c.

MANLY VIGOUR, Training fully on Sper-
matorrhea, nervous and general debility, loss of memory, lassitude, lowness of spirits, &c. restlessness, diarrhoea for food, languor, incapacity for exertion, study, or business, the said trifling and desponding appearance of some imaginary danger, restless sleep, disturbed by frightful dreams, melancholy and dejected, &c. These symptoms can be easily dispelled, and pleasing, buoyant, and cheerful feelings caused to take their place. This work contains full instructions, prescriptions, &c. for self cure. "This is a rare work, a book to be read and re-read by those requiring sound medical treatment."—*Medical Review*.
25, Dorset-street, Manchester-square, London, W.

Printed for the Proprietors, GEORGE W. M. EATWOLD of No. 41, Woburn-square, and JOHN DICKS of No. 212, Strand, by the said John Dicks, at No. 212, Strand, and published by him at the Office, No. 212, Strand, Saturday, March 5, 1864.